

The Daily Mirror

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

NEWS OF THE DAY REPORTED BY THE CAMERA.



Lady Sudeley arriving at the church for the wedding of her daughter. The church was packed with distinguished guests, many of whom had motored from town.



Mr. Bertram A. Smith, with his bride, Miss Rhona Hanbury-Tracy, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Sudeley, and her seven little bridesmaids. The photograph was taken after the wedding in the old church at Ham Common.

FLYING MACHINE FAILS AT WEMBLEY PARK.



The photograph on the left shows Mr. Edgar Wilson's flying machine raised in position to take its trial flight by the lake at Wembley Park. The machine failed to fulfil expectations, and the other photograph was taken as it fell into the lake, leaving the aeronaut suspended in mid-air.

LADY CHESS CHAMPIONS.



Miss Finn, the present holder of the ladies' championship (on the right), playing the game she won from Mrs. Houlding at the Southport chess tournament.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR ON BLACKPOOL SANDS.



Three snapshots of Dr. Knox, Bishop of Manchester, taken as he was preaching on Blackpool sands. Huge crowds have been gathering to listen to the Bishop and the other preachers of the mission, which has in every way proved a complete success.

£500 Money Shower.

"ANSWERS"

WILL GIVE

BANK NOTES AND GOLD

— TO —

300 Readers Next Week.

Here are the 300 Towns "Answers'" money
... will be given away in Next Week. . .

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22nd.

Norwich	Molesley	Rusholme	Cambridge	Deal
Dover	Middlesbrough	Eccles	Berwick	Dumbarton
Folkestone	Barnsley	Seedley	Douglas	Ealing
Ramsgate	Derby	Cardiff	Rochdale	Enfield
Hull	Oldham	Wolverhampton	Chorley	Gorton
Bristol	Aberdeen	Bradford	Durham	Guildford
Bath	Carlisle	Leicester	Dudley	Hornsey
Southend-on-Sea	Glasgow	Portsmouth	Devonport	Hove
Southampton	Govan	Bolton	Gateshead-on-Tyne	Iford
Rugby	Kinning Park	Darlington	Exmouth	Lynn
Sheerness	Partick	Halifax	Erith	Willesden
Gravesend	Pollokshields	Scarborough	Handsworth	
New Brompton	Edinburgh	Dublin	Greenwich	
Eastbourne	Chester	Exeter	Greenock	
Taunton	York	Harrogate	Jarrow	
Worthing	Huddersfield	Whitehaven	Ipswich	
Swindon	Plymouth	Gainsborough	Grimsby	
Bournemouth	Newcastle-on-Tyne	Woolwich	Luton	
Poole	Perth	Stockport	Macclesfield	
Reading	Colchester	Preston	Leamington	
Rhyl	Belfast	Chatham	Salford	
Bexhill	Swansea	Salisbury	Rochester	
Oxford	Sunderland	Blackburn	Morecambe	
Clacton-on-Sea	Liverpool	Westcliff	Shipley	
Weymouth	Walton	Littlehampton	Smethwick	
Ilfracombe	Bootle	Smallthorne	Shields	
Blackpool	Everton	Doncaster	Widnes	
Lowestoft	Aintree	Kingston-on-	Motherwell	
Southport	Seaforth	Thames	Tipton	
Brighton	Coventry	Gloucester	Aldershot	
Yarmouth	Sheffield	Portobello	Altringham	
Llandudno	Birkenhead	Rotherham	Armley	
Weston-super-Mare	Manchester	Airdrie, N.B.	Ashford	
Hastings	Pendleton	Accrington	Ayr	
Margate	Broughton	Aberystwyth	Bangor	
Nottingham	Cheetham	Barrow-in-Furness	Barnstaple	
Dundee	Longsight	Bacup	Beckenham	
Leeds	Levenshulme	Ashton-under-Lyne	Bingley	
Birmingham	Withington	Cork	Dartford	

WEDNESDAY, August 23rd.

Hanley	Colne	Warrington
Northampton	Keighley	Worcester
Peterborough	Lancaster	Pontypridd
Aylesbury	Leith	Alloa
Canterbury	Limerick	Chichester
Batley	Londonderry	Truro
Dewsbury	Shrewsbury	Waterford
Boston	Stockton-on-Tees	Winchester
Bury St. Edmunds	Wakefield	Workington

THURSDAY, August 24th.

Burton-on-Trent	Maidstone	Banbury
Kidderminster	Hulme	Burnley
Mansfield	Merthyr	Wednesbury
Cheltenham	Newbury	Walsall
Ilkston	New Brighton	Waterford
Llanelli	Oban	Weymouth
Paisley	Penzance	Cromer
Brentford	Renfrew	Hunstanton
Richmond, Surrey	Ardwick	Dunbar
Stirling		

FRIDAY, August 25th.

Lincoln	Morley	Hereford
Alfreton	Bognor	Hanley
Heywood	Bridgeton	Ripon
Kilmarnock	Camlachie	Springburn
Nelson	Cowlairs	Skegness
Wigan	Cowes	Torquay
Radcliffe	Paignton	Stoke
Chelmsford	Dawlish	

SATURDAY, August 26th.

Longton	Kirkcaldy	Todmorden
Newport, Mon	Leigh	Albertillery
Bedford	Nuneaton	Bilston
Chesterfield	Oldbury	Bridlington
Arbroath	St. Helens	Brighouse
Beverley	Stafford	Glossop
Bury	West Bromwich	Grantham
Crewe	Newcastle-under-	Haslingden
Darwen	Lyne	Tunstall
Hyde		
	Rawtenstall	

All you have to
do is to carry

"ANSWERS."

DEADLOCK IN PEACE EFFORTS.

Russians and Japanese Shy
at the Great Vital Issues.

DISMAL OUTLOOK.

Suggestion That Neutral Powers
May Devise a Scheme of
Amicable Compromise.

The air at Portsmouth (U.S.A.), where the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries are conferring over the momentous question of peace, is full of postponement.

It is a bad sign. Both sides are holding back from the great struggle on the vital questions. Yesterday the whole day was occupied in the discussion as to the limitation of Russia's naval strength in the Far East—subject that, in the light of recent events, strikes one as being a little ironical.

But a "reimbursement," the polite term for indemnity, and Saghalién, and the interned war vessels—these are topics which are dreaded, and upon decisions concerning them hinges, of course, the whole issue.

Already, however, there are rumours of compromise.

Reuter reports two. The "New York Sun," according to this agency, says that the Russians have virtually consented to the Japanese having limited possession of Saghalién, but under the condition that it shall not be fortified or used as a base for naval operations.

The "Petit Parisien's" St. Petersburg correspondent states that a rumour is current that the neutral Powers have proposed a compromise on the same question, by which Japan would take possession of the island, but Russia would receive part of Northern Manchuria, enabling her to maintain the control of the Harbin-Vladivostok Railway.

DISMAL OUTLOOK.

But, despite these rumours, the prospect is almost barren of hope.

A Japanese authority, interviewed by the well-informed representative of Reuter's at Portsmouth, said yesterday "It looks bad; I say so and believe so."

"We came, asking only what we wanted; our terms are moderate; the world thinks so." M. Witte has been gracious and has done what he could, but he has his future at home to consider. We have heard that Mr. Roosevelt having brought us together washed his hands of further responsibility; but he is resourceful and might do something."

Asked what Mr. Roosevelt might do, he only replied: "I cannot say."

To emphasise the pessimism existing at the seat of negotiations comes the depressing news from St. Petersburg that Count Lansdorff has tendered his resignation to the Tsar. It is feared that this is the end of the Conference.

The Count has always been in favour of peace, and it was he who recommended the appointment of M. Witte as the leading plenipotentiary.

MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE.

Japanese, as Well as Russians, Regard the Outlook as Hopeless.

PORPSMOUTH (U.S.), Friday.—An important conference was held in M. Witte's rooms shortly before midnight. It was attended by Baron Von Rosen, Professor Maartens, General Tarmaloff, M. Pokotiloff, M. Shipoff, and Captain Roussine.

As the preliminary discussion of the Japanese terms is virtually ended, it is not improbable that the final report and recommendations of the Russian plenipotentiaries were drawn up and transmitted to the Tsar at Peterhof.

The situation is practically the same as when M. Witte on Saturday presented the Russian reply with its "non possumus" to the cession of Saghalién and the payment of an indemnity. As regards the hope of a compromise, M. Sato's remark, "We are not bluffers," may be significant.

From an authoritative Japanese source a distinctly bad impression is given regarding the outlook. The hope, however, was expressed that if the Conference seemed to be going to pieces Mr. Roosevelt might again step in.—Reuter.

ALL HOPE ABANDONED.

PARIS, Friday.—The "Matin" has received the following telegram from Portsmouth:—"Among the members of the Russian Mission all hope of a happy result to the negotiations is abandoned.—Reuter.

10,000 SUITORS.

Winner of £40,000 Lottery Prize Overwhelmed by Offers of Marriage.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—Mme. Hofer, who won £40,000 in the Press lottery, has received 10,000 letters, most of which contain offers of marriage.

Magistrates, noblemen of long pedigree, men of letters, vie with one another in seeking the hand of the ex-canteen-barmaid.

An admiral of a foreign Power is among those whom the love of gold has led to declare his love for its possessor. As for inventors, they have cropped up in shoals, with patents possible and impossible, which only require the aid of Mme. Hofer and her million francs to make a million more.

Mme. Hofer has taken a flat in Paris, but dare not disclose her address, for fear of the stream of money-hunters, and she looks forward to the October lottery, to free her from these unwelcome attentions, which will then become the portion of the next winner.

UNPLEASANT FOR MOROCCO.

Ships of Great Britain and France Contemplating a Hostile Demonstration.

PARIS, Friday.—The "Petit Parisien" has received the following telegram from Tangier:—

As the Sultan persists in declining to give any compensation to Great Britain for the murder of the Austrian Consul, who was a British subject, it is declared that a British naval demonstration may shortly be expected.

There are vague rumours also that a similar demonstration by France may be expected, as the Sultan is acting with bad grace as regards the arrest of Bumzian, the Algerian subject whose release has been demanded by France.—Reuter.

BISHOP MURDERED.

Gravity of the Native Rising Against German Rule in East Africa.

ZANZIBAR, Friday.—The native rising in German East Africa began with attacks by a predatory tribe on the coast villages. The Indian traders escaped, but the houses were looted and a German planter and a few Arabs were killed.

The German Sudanese troops are pursuing the insurgents, and have hanged three of the ring-leaders.

There is an unconfirmed report that two German officers and seventeen Sudanese have been killed, and it is credibly reported that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Dar-es-Salam has been murdered.—Reuter.

WATERLOO VETERAN.

Aged Wanderer Cannot Produce Evidence to Support His Claim to the King's Interest.

John Vaughan, the old man who claims to have served as a bugler at the Battle of Waterloo, and who has attracted the kindly attention of King Edward, was interviewed for the "Daily Mirror" at Birkenhead yesterday.

Lying on his bed in the infirmary, John Vaughan told how he had wandered about the country selling bootlaces, and repeated his story of having been at the Battle of Waterloo.

He said he had served in the 17th Lancers, but when pressed for details became very excited and attempted to leave his bed, threatening to resort to physical violence.

The workhouse master says that Vaughan has betrayed ignorance of military matters. His appearance certainly does not bear out his statement that he is 104 years old.

No proof of the man's assertion is at present forthcoming.

BOY'S CLEVER RESCUE OF A BATHER.

A London visitor who was bathing off Sheerness got out of his depth and nearly drowned two people who went to his assistance.

Percy Brunger, a fifteen-year-old boy, from the Greenwich Hospital School, plunged in, and, thanks to the life-saving drill taught at the school, was able to take hold of the man and tow him into safety.

BAGPIPES GREET GENERAL BOOTH.

To the strains of the bagpipe played by a kilted Scot, General Booth, the veteran Salvationist, after crossing the border, was yesterday escorted into Annan by cheering crowds. Last night was spent in Dumfries.

Carlisle had been left in the morning, seventeen days' campaigning in England thus being brought to a conclusion, and Rigg was the first Scottish village passed through.

AMAZING CASE AGAINST EX-M.P.

Mr. Hugh Watt Charged with Inciting To Murder

HIS FORMER WIFE.

Detective's Allegation of a Chloroform Plot.

London yesterday had a sensation of a kind quite new—more appropriate to Italy than to matter-of-fact England.

Mr. Hugh Watt, ex-M.P. for Glasgow, was charged at Marlborough-street that on August 17 he attempted "to procure one Herbert Marshall to commit a certain felony, to wit, to murder the former wife of the said Hugh Watt, at Regent-street, St. James's."

In support of this amazing charge—the most sensational made in an English court for years past—a circumstantial story was placed before Mr. Kennedy, the magistrate, and the result was that Mr. Watt was remanded on substantial bail.

THE ESTRANGEMENT.

The facts leading up to this drama of real life are of the most extraordinary character. Lady Violet Beauchamp was the first cause of estrangement between Mr. and Mrs. Watt. In 1902 Mrs. Watt brought an action for damages in respect of a letter written by Lady Violet to Mr. Watt, in which she said: "I shall never be happy till you are quite away from that creature (Mrs. Watt). I look on her as a real—and criminal in human form."

Large damages were awarded, but an appeal was entered, and a new trial was ordered by the House of Lords last April.

In the meantime Mrs. Watt succeeded in getting a divorce from her husband, who afterwards married Lady Violet Beauchamp.

The second marriage, however, has not entirely solved the difficulty, and it will be remembered that on August 4 Mr. Watt unsuccessfully applied for a summons for assault against his former wife.

The latest development of the unhappy story was related yesterday by Mr. Herbert Marshall, who



MR. HUGH WATT.

is an inquiry agent of Regent-street. While he was giving his evidence, Mr. Watt appeared quite at his ease. He is a rather tall man of fifty, but looks younger. He is rather bald, has prominent features, and wears a dark heavy moustache in military fashion.

Marshall stated that on August 9, about six in the evening, a solicitor, of Norfolk-street, Strand, called at his office, and an appointment was made with him the next morning. His partner, Sweeney (late of Scotland Yard), kept the appointment and saw Mr. Watt.

They returned to Marshall's office, and Mr. Watt was introduced to Marshall.

"CHLOROFORM HER."

After a while, Sweeney went out and returned with instructions to act in a certain manner. On Friday, August 11, Mr. Watt called again, and as Sweeney was going out of town, Mr. Watt gave Marshall instructions to see Mrs. Watt, who was living in Chapel-street, Belgrave.

The witness, after some objection by the defending counsel, Mr. Freke Palmer, went on to say he afterwards saw Mrs. Watt several times, and also saw Mrs. Watt last Monday.

On Tuesday evening Marshall called on Mr. Watt by appointment at his address at Knightsbridge. After some conversation concerning his interview with Mrs. Watt, Mr. Watt became "very violent against her," and said he would "do for her." The words he used, as far as Marshall could remember, were, "I will do for her."

Mr. Watt then took a wooden case from a desk and unscrewed it. Inside it was a small bottle

containing white liquid. He said it was chloroform, and asked Marshall to induce Mrs. Watt to call at the house at Knightsbridge. "I have a room prepared," he said. "I'll give her a push, chloroform her, and then I shall want you to run for a doctor" (mentioning the name of the doctor).

Marshall said, "You must be mad," and added that he would have nothing whatever to do with it.

Mr. Watt then left, and another appointment was made for Thursday, as he "wanted the whole matter settled up." Marshall did not like his position in the matter, and arranged that the conversation should be overheard, and two of his men were to be outside his room.

BEFORE HIDDEN WITNESSES.

This was done. On Thursday Mr. Watt again came, and, said the witness, "repeated his position to me." He asked Marshall to bring Mrs. Watt there, and repeated that he would "give her a push, chloroform her, and take the smell of chloroform off by pouring some drops of essence of peppermint between her lips."

Marshall was to go to the doctor mentioned, who would certify heart disease as the cause of death, and he (Watt) would get her cremated within forty-eight hours.

Marshall asked Mr. Watt to call on him in forty-eight hours, when he would give him his reply. Mr. Watt at once said, "I will give you the sum of £5,000. I wish to get back the settlement of 1901."

The interview closed, and Marshall called at Scotland Yard without even speaking to his hidden witness.

A long cross-examination of the witness followed. He said he had never gone under the name of Ker.

Further cross-examination of the witness followed, and he had never been to Ostend.

He made verbal reports, but Mr. Watt did not complain of them. Mr. Watt did, however, tell him that his report of his former wife was going to Ostend was untrue.

Mr. Palmer: You treated this as a mad, silly suggestion?—I did at first, but I did not afterwards.

Further cross-examination: No doubt Mr. Watt's aim all along was to get the litigation settled.

DRUGS FOUND.

Did he not say he never meant to hurt the woman, but only wanted the litigation settled?—No, it was the other way about.

Did not he offer on her behalf £600 to settle?—No, he told me he had offered her £600.

After further cross-examination, Detective-sgt. Fowler pointed out that there were other witnesses present, though one important one was absent. The chloroform and peppermint were both found and would be produced.

Mr. Palmer: Yes; used by his wife.

Mr. Kennedy said there must be a demand, and he would certify for legal aid on behalf of the police.

Mr. Freke Palmer: I can prove that the chloroform is used by Mrs. Watt, and has been used by her for two years.

Mr. Watt was then remanded on bail in two sureties of £300 each, or one of £600.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Two young Germans staying at Geneva have been crushed to death by falling blocks of ice on Mont Blanc.

Near Gotha, a disused copper mine, in which Martin Luther's father once earned his daily bread as a miner, has been opened up again.

Knocked down at Munich yesterday by a motor-car belonging to the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, a priest named Ciccioli was severely injured.

THE WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Gusty south-westerly winds; showery at first; fair later; cooler.

Lightning-up time: 8.13 p.m.

Sea passages will be rough generally.



MRS. JULIA WATT.

TRAGEDY OF BLIGHTED GENIUS.

Powered by the Gods, but Utterly
Ruined by Drink.

ARTIST'S SAD CAREER.

"A misguided genius." Such might be the epitaph upon Simeon Solomon, the painter to whom Burne-Jones and Rossetti compared them selves as "schoolboys," and who has died in St. Giles's Workhouse, a victim of chronic alcoholism.

At one time everything favoured him. He moved in circles where he constantly met great minds like Swinburne, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Millais, who were proud to call him friend.

His genius was acknowledged by the critics; commissions poured in upon him. He came of a Hebrew stock connected with some of the best and richest families in Anglo-Jewry, so that when never wanted for patrons.

Simeon Solomon stood high. His paintings were exhibited at the Academy, and bought almost wet from the brush. In America collectors vied with one another in obtaining his works.

The horizon of his future seemed very bright. Hamerton, Walter Pater, and Thackeray, all judges of the highest class, were loud in their praises of him.

Then one day he heard of news—a family episode—that seemed to take all the energy, enthusiasm, and self-reliance out of him. He commenced rapidly to change. Whereas before he had sacrificed all to art, now he gave up everything to drink.

Dead to Redemption.

He would not work, he would not be redeemed. His relatives offered him commissions, money, anything. "Only reform," they said. "Drink, give me drink," was the despairing response of these men.

Art dealers sought him out, begged him to paint for them. Sometimes the plea succeeded. He would take up the brush once again and the most beautiful pictures would result.

Solomon would take the money and spend it in drink, all the while "woeing the workhouse and the grave."

He became a pauper. He was rescued. "Work for us," implored his friends. To buy drink he would consent, and behind locked doors—for the only way to keep him sober was to have him caged—this strange genius, swiftly rushing on to the abyss, would draw beautiful sketches of fair women with the most wonderful faces in the world, full of subtle repose and idealism.

One morning they found him dead—Simeon Solomon, genius, friend of Swinburne, Millais, Burne-Jones, and Thackeray, dead—in the workhouse.

He has been called the "Shelley of Painting" because of the extraordinary idealism which characterised his paintings. Belonging to the Pre-Raphaelite school, he understood and could convey some of the inspiration of Botticelli.

He was a wonderful colourist, too. Like most geniuses, his talent displayed itself early.

When he was nine years of age, with a toy box of paints that he had been given, he painted little pictures that make people stare. "That boy will be a great man one day," they said.

Thackeray's Tribute.

The young Hebrew painter as he grew older, visited Italy and studied the great masters there. When he came back the connoisseurs declared that he was one of the striking artists of the age.

They hung his pictures at the Academy, at the Guildhall, and on the walls of the rich.

Thackeray was writing his "Roundabout Papers" a painting of Simeon Solomon was being attacked. The novelist, who was also a great artist, went to see it.

He was charmed with what he saw, and he wrote of its extraordinary merit and its innate humanity that was something quite different to the stereotype, commonplace art of the age.

But generally Solomon had no need of champions. By general consent he was a genius. He took it as a compliment that he was not elected a Fellow of the Academy—Burne-Jones and Whistler were not Fellows.

In those days he strove hard. He painted masterpieces like "Love in Autumn," a figure of an angel with wings beaten by the wind. "Habet," a gladiatorial scene in which the fair ladies of Rome are seen turning their thumbs down in indication of "enough"—beautiful work, wholly suggestive of the great artist.

Truly, then, Simeon Solomon was fortune's favourite—a genius, and a successful genius, with good, well-lined pockets. And this same man was to die a drunkard and a pauper.

GOLDEN BRIDGE COSTS £40,000.

Mr. Samuel Andrew, secretary of the Oldham Master Cotton Spinners' Association, announces that the result of the Manchester Cotton Conference was eminently fair and a good thing for both sides.

"We have," he said, "come to a compromise which is a golden bridge which will cost the employers £40,000 in round figures."

PARIS IN LONDON.

Second Attempt to Make Aldwych a Centre of Amusement.

London need not give up hope of having its "Paris" on the Strand, for the plans have once more been laid before the London County Council.

At the beginning of this year a company made an offer for the island site of three acres between Aldwych and the Strand. They proposed to erect a permanent French exhibition, with shops, a restaurant, and a theatre.

The Improvement Committee recommended that the proposal should be accepted, but when the scheme came before the London County Council it was sent back to the committee, a few happy, if not accurate, phrases having much to do with the result.

Mr. Pigott said that it would mean a drinking area of three acres. Mr. John Burns prophesied that people would not go to see exhibits of French boots, but to see French stockings.

The proposal as put forward again has been considerably altered, and as Mr. Gilbert Scott, the architect of the proposed buildings, yesterday told the *Daily Mirror*, the promoters have now every hope of being successful.

Of the three acres of ground two will be covered with buildings. Round the outer ring will be shops, as in the original scheme, but the roof promenade above them has been given up.

In the centre will stand the large building which is to contain the exhibition, the restaurant, and the theatre.

There will be no dancing and no bars.

"The company has no intention of applying for such licences, and never had, in spite of the remark about a drinking area of three acres," to quote the secretary of the company.

From the preliminary plans the central building certainly ought to be a fine building. Its large central dome and first-class statuary, which are to be a prominent feature of the architectural scheme, should make it an addition to London. The rent is to be a mere trifle of £25,000. In spite of the remarks to the contrary the company is only French and English—not German.

INDIA AS WINTER RESORT.

English Society Prepares to Follow in the Wake of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

It now seems that India will surpass Egypt and the South of France as a winter resort this season. The offices of the Indian steamship lines are thronged with passengers intending to follow the Prince and Princess of Wales on their coming visit to our great dependency.

It is reported that the P. & O. line have already booked about 3,000 passengers for Indian ports, and it is impossible, even now, to obtain first-class passage to Bombay on the Anchor Line, before November.

NOVELTY IN PHANTOMS.

Eccentric Ghost with a Most Unorthodox Love of Lamplight.

The Gloucester ghost has the most admirable contempt for conventionalities.

It has done two things most unusual in ghostly society. It has awakened the interest of the stolid police—a special force has had to be requisitioned to cope with gaping crowds in Blenheim-road, where it assumes the form of a one-legged boy leaning against a door-post—and it delights, not in darkness, but in light.

"Turn out or lower a certain street lamp," writes a correspondent, "and the ghost is gone. Turn up the light of this same lamp and there it is, standing on its one leg and qualifying as one of the most respectable and original ghosts of modern times."

OUT-OF-WORK TRAGEDY.

After Months of Idleness, Husband Attacks His Family and Takes His Own Life.

Disturbed in mind by having been out of employment for some months, Leslie Webb, of Slough, determined early yesterday morning to kill his wife and her stepdaughter, and take his own life.

Creeping into the bedroom where the two women were sleeping, he battered their heads with a poker, and then, as they rushed downstairs crying for help, he went into his own room, and with a razor almost severed his own head from his body.

He was quite dead when the police arrived, and the condition of the two women was so serious that a doctor had to be at once called in to attend to them.

ROWED ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

A well-known member of the Boulogne Rowing Club, M. Georges Adams, has accomplished the feat of rowing across the Channel. He pulled from Boulogne to Folkestone in a regatta skiff, the voyage taking 8hr. 20min.

STORM-SWIMMER.

Miss Kellermann Rides for an Hour on Foam-Topped Waves.

WONDERFUL ENDURANCE.

To her intense disappointment Miss Annette Kellermann, the Australian girl who will attempt to swim the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy next Tuesday was unable to do any mid-Channel swimming yesterday. The wind outside was blowing hard, and great waves, white-topped, rushed up the Dover beach.

But this young Colonial, who has been pronounced the finest woman swimmer in the world, would not stay ashore.

"I can take a dip from a machine," she said, obstinately, to her father.

In her trim, dark costume, with goggles and red-rubber cap, she plunged in to meet the boisterous waves.

"You'd better be careful, Miss," called the admiring boatman, who safeguards the lives of bathers.

"I'm all right," she cried, as she dived through the surf.

Out, out went the swimmer until all that could be seen from the shore was a red cap, appearing now and then on the top of the mountainous waves.

Long Battle with the Storm.

For nearly an hour she played with the fierce seas and swam twice across Dover Bay. Then a tossing boat went out to the swimmer. "You must come in now, Miss," yelled the dripping figure at the sculls.

With the seas behind her Miss Kellermann swam lazily in.

She emerged from the machine half an hour later, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"It was good," she said enthusiastically to the *Daily Mirror*, "but I shall only paddle about now until Wednesday. You see I shall want all my energies to reach there, and she waved her hand towards the gleaming white Calais cliffs, twenty miles away.

In addition to Miss Kellermann, Messrs. Holbein, Burgess, and Wolfe will all attempt to swim the Channel next week. Burgess, the Yorkshireman, will start, however, from the French shore on that occasion.

BEGGING A FINE ART.

Dirty, Ragged Mendicant by Day, Theatre-Goer by Night.

Skilled in the art of playing on the public sympathy, Albert Groves and his wife were yesterday brought to book at the Guildhall.

Dirty, ragged, and miserable, with a baby and two other children, they crept through the City daily. At every street-fountain the children were given a drink, when, touched by their appearance, passers-by gave them alms. At other times they were made to cry, and she waved her hand towards the gleaming white Calais cliffs, twenty miles away.

Although inhabiting one dirty room, Groves had been seen to go to a theatre, and, despite his tears, was with his wife remained for inquiries.

TOWN CRIER HOAXED.

Cruel and Malicious Stab at Children's Seaside Missionaries.

Filey's aged town crier has been hoaxed into shouting the notice that "only well-dressed children are welcome at the children's services on the sands. Fishermen's children will be removed."

This was not only regarded as a gratuitous insult to the fishing population, but a cruel stab at the mission to children conducted by the vicar of Bayswater and his helpers.

As soon as the hoax was discovered, the crier was sent out to proclaim his previous notice as unnatural and untrue.

The joker was apparently an educated man, as his letter and unsigned notice to the crier proved, but his identity has not been established.

LLANDUDNO DEFENDS ITSELF.

Llandudno is indignant at the aspersions cast on its bathing arrangements by a coroner at a recent inquest.

It is pointed out that when bathers observe the regulations they are perfectly safe from danger.

IMPERITENT IN GAOL.

Guilty of twenty-nine offences, culminating in the destruction of his convict clothing, Ernest Wheeler was brought up at the South-Western Court yesterday between two warden.

Major Knox, Governor of Wandsworth Gaol, said the visiting justices were not able to adequately punish him, and the magistrate now added another month to his sentence.

ROADS UNDER SIEGE.

Repairers Cause Infinite Annoyance and Waste of Precious Hours.

Terribly heavy is the toll of wasted hours levied on passengers by omnibus, and cab just now in London owing to the miles of streets that are under repair.

It is twice as far from Piccadilly-circus to Oxford-circus as it used to be. The whole traffic of Regent-street is diverted on either side through narrow streets, where cabs and omnibuses and vans are being held up, for minutes together.

The following gives an idea of the extent of the area closed to traffic within a mile of Charing Cross:—

Holborn, between Gray's Inn-road and Southampton-row, "up" for nearly a quarter of a mile.

Trafalgar-square, half roadway closed for about thirty yards.

Haymarket, centre of roadway for thirty yards. More than half the arena roped off.

Regent-street, south entrance closed. From Piccadilly-circus to Glasshouse-street all roadway "up." From Glasshouse-street to Conduit-street half roadway "up."

Oxford-circus to Oxford-street all "up."

Cooper-street being repaired.

Malvern Arch, traffic disturbed by repairs to a broken lamp-post.

Edinburgh-street "up" in front of Ritz's Hotel, for two stretches of twenty yards each.

Two areas outside the Houses of Parliament being repaired. Centre of roadway blocked. All St. George's street, Westminster Bridge, closed roadway and pavement under repair.

"London was up when I came over three years ago," said an American visitor yesterday. "It is 'up' now, when I have returned. Is it always 'up'?"

DEATH OF AN IRISH M.P.

Working Ulster Loses in Sir James H. Haslett, M.P., a Very Popular Representative.

Sir James H. Haslett, M.P. for North Belfast, died yesterday from heart failure after a long illness.

The deceased, a partner in a great Irish firm of chemists, was Mayor of Belfast in 1877, and was knighted on completion of his term of office. Prominently connected with Belfast all his life, as is best remembered in the gallant manner in which he contested the constituency of West Belfast with Mr. Thomas Sexton, winning it one year and losing it the next by 103 votes. At the last election in North Belfast Sir James was returned by a majority of 2,917.

"LIONS AFTER A FOX."

Young Wife Protests Against Her Bedroom Being Searched for a Fugitive.

There can be no doubt that the Cardiff police are greatly chagrined at their failure to trace Henry Heathfield, who escaped from the Roath Police Station on Monday morning last.

As indicative of the desire of the police to track their man, it may be said that the police paid a night visit to Heathfield's house, entering by a backdoor window.

They found there only Mrs. Heathfield, a girl of nineteen, an aged woman, and Heathfield's two babies. They went away disappointed.

Mrs. Heathfield is very indignant at the intrusion of the police. "They were," she said, "like a lot of lions after a fox. Is it likely that my husband would come here when the house is watched night and day?"

"LOAFERS AND MUMPERS."

West Ham Unemployed Complain of Insulting Jests by Policemen.

There is much bitterness between the West Ham unemployed and the police.

At a meeting of the men yesterday, Mr. Mowbray, chairman of the Unemployed Committee, said that while some of the police behaved well others had insulted the men and called them "loafers and mumpers."

The collar-numbers of the offending constables had been taken, said Mr. Mowbray, and formal complaint would be made to their officers.

One of the speakers read a description of an American millionaire's travelling arrangements on his way to the moors for grouse-shooting, and contrasted it with the lot of the unemployed.

COLLIERS' WAGES REDUCED.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, as chairman of the conference at Cardiff yesterday respecting the coal owners' claim for a reduction of colliers' wages by 2½ per cent., decided in favour of the masters.

LEAN YEARS FOR BREWERS.

Fall in Consumption of Beer
Steadily Reduces Profits.

ALARMED SHAREHOLDERS

Whatever may be the general verdict on the decreased consumption of beer, it is weighing very heavily on the brewery companies.

During the last twelve months Great Britain has consumed 928,513 barrels of beer less than in the preceding twelve months, a decrease of nearly 33 million gallons.

The allowance of beer per head of the total population was over a gallon less than the year before. In other words, every man, woman, and child in the British Isles would have to drink sixteen glasses to bring the national consumption of beer up to its previous figure.

The answer to the question—Are we drinking less beer?—is obvious. We drank only 33,810,124 barrels last year, instead of 34,789,637.

By adding to the figures of beer consumed at home the small quantities exported we find how enormous has been the decrease in the actual quantity produced by the brewery companies.

In the last twelve months they have only produced 34,404,237 barrels, as compared with 35,973,639—a reduction of about 3 per cent, in their total trading.

Grave Problem for Brewers.

In almost every report published and at meetings of the brewery companies the same tale of decreased profits, and in some cases of loss, is told.

Perhaps the most striking is the chairman's report at the recent Allsopp meeting. He stated that the value of the beer sold had been about 7 per cent, less than in the preceding year.

At the ordinary general meeting on August 2 of the well-known firm of Watney, Combe, Reid, and Co., the chairman had to tell the shareholders that the firm had not only sold 32,030 barrels of beer less, but that it had cost them more per barrel to produce. The profit on beer showed a decrease of £18,700.

At the Kirkstall Brewery Company's meeting on July 21, the chairman, in declaring a dividend of 7½ per cent., said that it was the first time in sixteen years that he had declared less than 10 per cent.

Parker's Bushwick Brewery showed £1,829 decrease in profits for the year past, so said the chairman of the company on August 2.

The Royal Brewery, Brentford, at the annual general meeting on August 4, showed a decrease of £22,279 in profits for the year past.

Clarkson's Old Brewery, Bursley, showed a decrease in profits of £1,099 10s. 1d. for the year ending June 20, 1905.

That this state of things is not the result of foreign competition, but of a genuine change in the public taste, is shown by the fact that the import of beer also dropped last year.

RUINED BY EXCISE FINE.

Sold His Home in Effort to Raise the Money,
but Must Go to Prison.

Retiring from the magistrate's presence with tearful face, an ill and broken-looking man parted from his weeping wife and followed the gaoler into custody.

At the beginning of the year, convicted of excise offences at a Kennington court, he was fined £50, of which he had paid half. Asking at Westminster yesterday for further time to raise the remainder, he said he had sold the remnant of his home, but the conviction prevented him from getting work, and had completely ruined him.

As he had already had seven months to pay the fine, Mr. Curtis Bennett could not grant his petition, and directed him to serve the remaining portion of the alternative imprisonment—six weeks.

THIRTY-SEVEN CRIMES.

One Who Painfully Flashed "a Spoffless Reg' s" Put to Confusion.

"There's nothing against me," said Thomas Nolan, when accused last week at Westminster with stealing some beef, and he pleaded a starving family.

The police report presented yesterday described him as "one of the worst ruffians in London," his criminal calendar dating from 1883, and comprising thirty-seven offences, including highway robbery with violence, serious assaults on the police, and living on unfortunate women.

Now also identified as the assailant of a Notting Hill constable, from whom he escaped, he was given twelve months for his offences.

Mr. T. N. Webber, the oldest Church organist in England, for seventy years organist of Axminster Parish Church, and previously at Ottery-St. Mary, has died at the age of ninety-one.

"ORDER OF THE BATH."

Sir J. Crichton-Browne Says Clergy
Should Preach Cleanliness.

"We want a scheme to compel all children to be washed. Many of the children in the schools have not been properly washed for five years."

This was among the many striking statements made yesterday at the conference of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association. A Mr. Smith, of Lancaster, was responsible for the remark, and he said he did not make it without having gone deeply into the question.

The subject under discussion was "Popular Instruction in Sanitation." Mr. Brand, the secretary of the Scottish Association, said that the first thing to inculcate a belief in was personal cleanliness, and this must chiefly be accomplished through the children.

It would be necessary to provide baths for every school. Their instruction should not stop short at the children. The fathers and mothers were often in great need of instruction.

Other speakers having suggested that baths should be placed in the schools, Sir James Crichton-Browne, who presided, said that the value of the bath should be impressed on the children in the home.

They required the co-operation of the clergy in these matters; but he felt some diffidence in referring to the point, as he had fallen under the ban of the clerical for having said recently that clerymen would be better employed in looking after cleanliness and proper sanitation than in preaching silly sermons.

He adhered to his remarks because he had found that the silly sermon was still an existing fact.

"FROZEN" TO DEATH.

Extraordinary Explanation of a Sensitive
Anglo-Indian's Suicide.

He took his life because the exclusive Army and Civil servant in India would have nothing to do with a person engaged in trade.

This was the only explanation offered at yesterday's inquest at Paddington, for Mr. George Tracey Lund having shot himself.

Mr. Lund, who was only thirty-three years of age, was a jeweller and watchmaker in Bombay. He came to England some time ago, and owing to illness, went to Worthing and Scarborough. Returning from those towns, he went to a nursing home in Nottingham-place, W.

On Tuesday last it had been arranged that he should go to Bournemouth, but when the servant went to awaken him in the morning Mr Lund was found dead.

TO CURB THE RECKLESS.

Highways Protection League Advocates Draastic
Amendments of the Law.

The recently-formed Highways Protection League issued its plan of campaign against motorists yesterday.

Among other amendments in the law relating to motor-cars the league will advocate that the maximum speed should be reduced to fourteen or fifteen miles an hour. Also that local authorities be empowered to fix lower limits.

The league thinks that either the motor-borne should be abolished and a belt substituted, or the use of a horse should be forbidden in towns and villages; that motorists should be compelled to take steps to prevent the escape of noxious fumes; and that, to prevent dazzling head-lights, their candle-power should be limited.

Finally, the league advocates that the owner or hirer of a car, if present when an offence is committed, should be liable to the same punishment as the driver, unless he can show he was unable to prevent the offence. Finally, that an offending motor-car may be impounded or its registration suspended.

STARVING MAN'S DESPERATION.

"I was on the road, and dead beat to the world," said William Chadwick, who was sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Preston yesterday.

Hungry and starving, he asked for food at a confectioner's, and when refused went outside and with three deliberate kicks smashed the plate-glass window.

OUR SAN'S CASTLE CONTESTS

Heavy rain prevented the holding of our castle-contest at Yarmouth yesterday. It will take place to-day at two o'clock.

Anyone under twenty-one may compete, either singly or in parties of not more than six persons. Every competitor must carry a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

There will be contests at Scarborough on Monday and at Blackpool on Wednesday next.

"PETTICOAT RULE."

Aged Clergyman Wants To Compel
His Children To Speak to Him.

An aged clergyman applied to Sir Francis Cory Wright at Highgate yesterday for a summons for conspiracy against his wife, three sons, two daughters, and a brother who is in India.

His long statement of complaints included the fact that he had a son in India to whom he had sent £700. Another son was a member of the Stock Exchange, and another—

Sir Francis: We do not want to know what he is. Even if he is the Prince of Wales—

Applicant: One son is Rowland Hill—named after a great friend of mine who offered me a good post in the Post Office.

Applicant went on to say he had been married for forty-five years, and the first fifteen he was persecuted by his mother-in-law, who had tortured her own poor husband for forty years.

His wife and family would not speak to him. His wife had promised to cherish and obey him. She never intended to do it, and no other woman did.

That was an offence against ecclesiastical law. Sir Francis: It may be, but you cannot summon her for that. A woman can leave her husband as often as she likes and a man cannot help it.

The reverend gentleman said his sons assaulted him, and his daughters would not speak to him, but abused him.

Sir Francis said he might have summonses for the assault, but they could not make the daughters speak to him.

Applicant said he was kept without money. For first fifteen years of his married life he was under double-debt government, for the next fifteen years he was persecuted, and for the last fifteen years the behaviour of his family had been diabolical.

Applicant seemed to be dissatisfied with the views of the Bench, and left the court without taking the summons which he had been offered.

WOMAN DEFENDS A PEER.

Singular Incident at the Shareholders' Meeting
of the Premier Railway.

Mr. Burdett Coutts severely criticised the action of the directors of the London and North-Western Railway at yesterday's meeting of shareholders.

He said they had chased women shareholders from house to house to persuade them to sign proxies in the directors' favour.

After he had spoken, a lady rose, and, disregarding all interruptions, said: "What does this concern? I have money in all the concerns that Lord Stalbridge (chairman of the company) is connected with."

Lord Stalbridge said the receipts during the past half-year had slightly increased, and working expenses had decreased by £35,158.

The chief cause for complaint was the competition of municipal trams which the shareholders, as ratepayers, had themselves to support, and the increase in the rates and taxes. Where, twenty years ago, they paid 1s. 9d. of every £ earned, they paid 2s. 6d. ten years ago, and now 2s. 2d.

The report was eventually adopted, with two dissentients.

HIS "FIERY ORDEAL."

Aged Sea Captain's Remarkable Application
to a M. gistrate.

An old man named Mullins made a remarkable statement at Bow-street yesterday to the effect that thirty years ago he had been deprived of his master mariner's certificate on the false allegation that he was mad.

"I disproved it long ago," he said. "I have passed through the fiery ordeal of seven inquisitorial investigations and emerged triumphant from them all."

"There is no greater philosopher living than Dr. Jones, of Banstead Asylum, but he discharged me, saying, 'Mullins, you are an ill-used man.'

"I want a summons against the assistant secretary of the Marine Department, Board of Trade, for having me unlawfully detained in a workhouse infirmary."

Mr. Fenwick: That is a matter for a civil court. If you have any fresh facts relating to your case, put them into writing and I will consider them carefully.

CONNOISSEUR IN BRASSWORK.

For two months past Hampstead householders have noticed with dismay the disappearance of their door-knobs, bell-pulls, and other metal fittings.

When caught by plain clothes men unmasking a bell-pull, John White had a large name-plaice on his person. At Marblebone yesterday he received three months' imprisonment.

WHAT IS THE BEST HOLIDAY?

Well-known People Give Their Views
on the Ideal "Change."

INTERESTING LETTERS.

What is the best kind of holiday—that is, supposing holidays are any good at all, a point on which readers of the *Daily Mirror* have been expressing such diverse opinions during the past week?

Inquiries addressed to leading men of the day have elicited some very interesting replies, various enough to show that all depends on the point of view, and what suits one man admirably would be quite unfitting for another. We give a selection from the mass of letters:

Rest in Movement.

Mr. LOUIS WAIN, the clever artist whose drawings of cats have been so long popular:

Live by the sea in peace and quiet of the elements the year round. The sun shines hotly in my garden during the winter and is tempered always by a gentle breeze in summer.

Under these circumstances I crave for movement and change. "I want to see wheels go round" —to enter the door of a printing firm, for instance, and to stand fascinated among the whirling printing machines.

I want to rush up among the filthy black-chimney stacks of the Midlands and pierce the veil of their outpouring smoke, and to pass the day amid the rumbling, roaring furnaces, the turmoil of molten metal, the firework frenzy of the cutting machines, the rattle of endless spools, the tempering of many articles, and the stench of a thousand vapours—then I feel that I am living! I am among many men, and see the best of active life and work.

Then I feel the real value of the peace and quiet of a country home for work, and the great monuments of the world, its picture galleries, its mountainous scenery and grandeur all seem to be so many tombs. I want to plaster them all over with the advertisements of all that I have seen up north.

For to me the living present, even with all its sordiness, toil, and misery, is infinitely greater and grander than the life that is dead and gone, and the mountain scene that is lying idle and doing nothing to help the work of the world.

Bendigo, Westgate-on-Sea. LOUIS WAIN.

Mr. Sims's Week in Bed.

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS:

The best kind of holiday is the holiday that you do not look out in the A.B.C. or Bradshaw.

The trip or tour elaborately planned beforehand is not a holiday. It is a self-imposed task of travel.

The ideal holiday for a hard worker is a week in bed.

The ideal holiday for an idle person is a week's active employment.

But holidays of any kind are only beneficial to those who are used to them. A worker who drops his work for a fortnight goes back to work as fit for a horse which has been turned out to grass goes back fit to drag its usual load about.

Geo. R. SIMS.

Best to Go Abroad.

Mrs. FENWICK MILLER, one of the most helpful women workers of our time, widely known as a public speaker on political and general questions:

The best kind of holiday is going abroad to some place or succession of places where artistic treasures, whether in the form of modern buildings, ancient ruins, or galleries, and natural beauties or historical associations, add gusto and depth to the interest of the novel features of the life of to-day as it proceeds around one.

FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

Sir FRANCIS BERNARD, editor of "Punch":—I shall be delighted to tell you which is the best kind of holiday after I have taken three or four of them.

C. F. C.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier's secretary writes, from the Garrick Theatre:—Mr. Bourchier is away on his holiday just now, and I can tell you that his only holiday is to get away from avalanche of letters and telegrams. As to the rest—well, it's all rest.

£5 NOTE Given Away at Yarmouth To-day.

All you have to do is to carry . . .

"ANSWERS."

DRAMA OF LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

The Sensational Story of the Bonmartini Murder.

FATHER DENOUNCES SON.

In previous chapters we have told something of the life story of Linda, Countess Bonmartini, who was the central figure in the terrible murder trial in Turin last week. Her girlhood and first love for Carlo Secchi, the doctor, were described, and later her marriage with Count Bonmartini. But after a very few years of married life they quarrelled because the Count had not the learning or culture of his wife's relations.

After a violent scene one day the Countess hysterically exclaimed: "I wish someone would rid me of the brute."

Tullio, willing to avenge his sister, planned with a ruined gambler, Pio Naldi, and a woman, Rosa Bonetti, to murder the Count. This they accomplished on the night of August 28, 1902, by waiting for him in his flat at Bologna.

CHAPTER V.

Professor Murri Denounces His Son.

"It is done now," said Tullio, surveying the room and its awful contents, "let us go."

Four days later the neighbours of the house on the Via Mazzini complained of a horrible odour which proceeded from Count Bonmartini's flat. The police were informed, and a visit paid.

The flat was broken into, and in the bedroom the body of the Count was found.

For nine days the detectives sought high and low for the murderer.

Professor Murri was horrified by the deed. His dislike for his son-in-law was merged into a profound pity and horror.

"Who could have done this?" he said to his son Tullio one evening; "it could not have been Linda. Was it Carlo Secchi?" He thought for a moment. "He is the murderer. I shall denounce him immediately."

Tullio turned pale, and in a voice hoarse and trembling exclaimed that Secchi had not committed the crime.

"Who killed Cesco, then?" said the aged scientist, looking at his son. For a moment there was silence. Tullio stood up with a strange look in his eyes.

"I killed him," he said sullenly. "Linda could not longer put up with his everlasting, insulting brutality."

"You, my son, have killed this man?" said professor slowly. The old man's face fell upon his hands, and there was deep silence in the gloomy library. Presently he looked up. "I want no murderer for my son," he said brokenly, "Leave me."

TRIED TO SAVE HIS SISTER.

The next morning the magistrate in charge of the case was surprised to receive Professor Murri's card with these words pencilled on it: "I have found Bonmartini's murderer."

The famous doctor entered the magistrate's room with bowed head and slow uneven steps. He looked up and his face was lined and haggard. The eyes were bloodshot, and the lips quivered painfully.

"The murderer of Count Bonmartini," he said in a low quivering voice, "is my son Tullio." Then he proceeded to tell the story Tullio had told him—that in vengeance for his sister's ill-treatment he had killed his brother-in-law. "But," added the old man, "he swore that it was done in a quarrel, and not in cold blood."

Warrants for Tullio's arrest were immediately issued, but the man had left Italy.

Further investigations were made, and the Countess Rosa Bonetti and Pio Naldi were arrested. On the morning they were arraigned at the police court a dramatic incident took place. As the magistrate was examining them there was a stir in the dock, and Tullio Murri burst into the court. He made his way to the dock, and standing by his sister, cried, in a loud voice:

"Release the Countess Bonmartini; I alone am responsible for the death of her husband."

But the trial proved the complicity of the others in the crime, and all are now immured in solitary confinement in the Italian State prison, for there is no capital punishment in Italy.

Tullio and Naldi have been sentenced to thirty years' Secchi and the Countess to ten years', and Rosa Bonetti to seven years' imprisonment.

Such is the story of the murder of Count Bonmartini.

THE END.

OUT TO-DAY.

'FANNIE EDEN'S PENNY STORIES.'

BUY A COPY.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Four boys have been fined at Durham for using dynamite to kill and catch fish in the Wear.

Lord Coleridge, K.C., the only peer in active practice at the Bar, completes his fifty-fourth year to-day.

Carrying with it an income of £1,533, the living of Wen, Shropshire, has been accepted by the Rev. the Hon. A. Parker, vicar of Wymondham, Norfolk.

Many acres of gorse on Walberswick Common, Suffolk, a spot much frequented by artists, were blazed yesterday, and the view from Southwold Common was very impressive.

Under the boarding of one of the points at the Great Eastern Railway station at Southend a nest of hedgehogs has been discovered. They apparently suffer no inconvenience from the heavy traffic.

Damage to the extent of several thousands of pounds was caused by a fire at Messrs. Stone and Co.'s sawmills at South Dock, Swansea, yesterday. A glare was cast over the whole of the docks and the town.

Half a million copies of pirated music and £500 worth of plates, it was stated at the Thames Court yesterday, have been seized by officers of the Music Publishers' Copyright Association during the last three weeks.

Viscount Enfield, who is tenant of the Aberchader Moors, Invergarry, made a gruesome discovery while shooting. He came across the dead body of a man lying face downwards in the heather, and up to the present the remains have not been identified.

For the purpose of conveying the hounds to the more distant meets in Cheshire and Shropshire Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., Master of the Wynnstay Hunt, has built a powerful motor-van of special design.

The combined ages of three persons upon whom inquests were held at Southwark yesterday totalled 22 years.

Surprised by a constable whilst robbing an orchard near Crewe, some boys turned on the officer and stoned him until he lost consciousness. No trace of the culprits has been found.

As the result of a collision in the River Usk, at Newport, yesterday, between the steamship Rosella, from Bilbao, with iron ore, and the schooner Lilla, of Boston, the latter was sunk, but no lives were lost.

Four hours after resigning, and eight hours before he was entitled to a pension, Mr. James Hetherington, schoolmaster, of Beckholtom, near Wigton, died suddenly. In carrying out his scholastic duties he had walked 66,000 miles.

Macclesfield is at last emerging from the depression caused by the bad state of its silk trade, and there was much public gratification yesterday when it became known that a Lancashire syndicate has approved of sites for the erection of new cotton mills.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed at Newport (Mon.) when 2,000 excursionists were unable, owing to the crush, to board the steamers running pleasure trips down the Bristol Channel. All the boats available carried the utmost number of passengers allowed.

NEW WAR OFFICE BUILDING IN WHITEHALL.



The hoardings having been taken down, a good idea of what the fine new War Office building in Whitehall will look like when completed can now be obtained.

Carlton Prison is full, and a large proportion of prisoners convicted in the county have to be accommodated in Ruthin Gaol.

By the appointment of Mr. F. A. P. Sylvester, of Trowbridge, as coroner for Mid Wilts, in succession to his father, there have been coroners in three generations of the family.

Whilst his son was being appointed by the Denbigh Town Council to act as deputy in the medical office, the news arrived that Dr. Griffiths Williams Roberts had passed away.

Baristers have, hitherto, never been required to affix a stamp when giving a receipt for their fees, but there is now a possibility that the inland Revenue authorities will agitate for this exemption being removed.

With a view to placing a check on the depopulation of Kentish villages, which is reaching alarming proportions, several large landowners have decided on a system of profit-sharing with their agricultural labourers.

Colonel Druitt, of the Board of Trade, having inspected the St. Thomas and Port Tennant section of the Swansea tramways extension, and the trial proving satisfactory, Swansea will now possess a complete tramway service.

Included amongst the forty-seven patients admitted to Kesteven (Lincolnshire) Asylum last year were a solicitor, schoolmaster, naval pensioner, Army pensioner, chemist, farmer, tutor, and ten general and eight agricultural labourers.

Experiments are to be made with the submarine A1, which was run down by the liner Berwick Castle in the Solent last year, with a view to testing the possibility of such a vessel consuming or otherwise getting rid of its own foul atmosphere. The adaptability of a new apparatus for enabling the surface of the water to be scanned whilst the boat is submerged is also to be tried.

Motor-horn "effects" have been introduced by Mr. Sousa into his latest composition, "a motor-car march."

In his eighty-sixth year, Mr. George Fordon has just performed the feat of mowing half an acre of oats in four hours at Flixton, near Scarborough.

Drayleden, after rejecting, on a poll of the ratepayers, the idea of amalgamation with Manchester, has now decided to make overtures to the city.

There were no cases for the magistrates to deal with at Highgate yesterday, and when Sir Francis Cory-Wright, the chairman, asked: "Where are my white gloves?" the inspector replied regretfully: "I haven't any, sir."

After playing against each other regularly for thirty-six years, each with an equal number of wins, the Farsley and Calverley (West Riding) village cricket clubs will not meet next year owing to the former having joined the Leeds League.

Mr. R. Jervis, superintendent of the Ormskirk Division Constabulary, who has just completed his fifty-fifth year of service in the Lancashire county force, is probably the oldest police officer in England. He is over seventy years of age, and remarkably active.

By the bursting of the thirty-six inch main which conveys Manchester's water supply from Thirlmere, the roadway at Smithy Brow, Agecroft, was destroyed for a distance of fully fifty yards. Twelve months ago a similar mishap occurred within a stone's throw of the scene of this last upheaval.

Difficulty having been experienced at Wednesday, Staffordshire, in securing a mayor for the ensuing year, Alderman Kilvert, a Balacava hero, who took an active part in the famous charge of the Light Brigade, has consented to be nominated as the chief magistrate.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Four Half-Guineas for Brighton—More Prize-Winners.

Four of the people photographed in the group taken at Brighton and reproduced on page 9 are entitled to half a guinea each. You may be one of them, if your portrait is there.

All you have to do is to apply for the money.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

In case the Editor's decision is final,

On Monday four half-guineas go to

FELIXSTOWE.

A photograph of a holiday crowd at this place will be published and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group.

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competition at Eastbourne are as follows:

EASTBOURNE.

Miss Phoebe Newman, 14, Flint-street, Rodney-road, Walworth, London, S.E.
Mrs. Brown, 13, Hazelwood-road, Walthamstow, London.
Mr. Joseph Piggott, 6, Crickfield-cottages, Ashpool-road, Eastbourne.
Private Grant, Room 10, The Redoubt, Eastbourne.

CITY'S CHEERFUL TONE.

News That Russia Will Cede Saghalien Raises Stock Exchange Prices.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—There was some hesitation in the Stock markets at the opening, and the tendency of prices was to droop. Before the close, however, quite a cheerful tone developed on the news that Russia will cede Saghalien to Japan, while the fact that money once again became cheap assisted the improvement. Consols closed at 90 9-16.

Home Rails closely followed Consols, and, after being dull, finished with a firmer appearance, although it could not be said that the tone was strong. Great Easterns were put higher on better harvest prospects.

Americans Rails were put below the parity level at the commencement of business, and remained round about the opening quotations for the greater part of the day. New York came over steady in the afternoon, so that the close here was a little uncertain but fairly firm.

Grand Trunks were rather out of favour for the greater part of the day, but Canadian Pacifics came into renewed demand after being dull, the traffic increase of 50,000 dollars rather helping the market.

ARGENTINE PROFIT-TAKING.

Profit-taking in the Argentine Railway group forced prices back at one time, but in the later dealings there was a recovery all round. Rather a feature was the sharp rise in Argentine North-Eastern debentures to 61. Mexican Rails met with a moderate amount of support, and were quietly firm all day.

Japanese bonds were rather a good feature in the Foreign group on the peace news, as also were Russians. It is the special settling day in the new Japanese scrip on Monday, and the new loan rose to 12 premium. Peruvians were wanted, and there was some demand for the bonds of two or three of the Central American Republics, notably Costa Rica and Guatemala.

Although interest in the Kaffir market was again at a very low ebb, prices showed a rallying tendency under the influence of a little bidding for one or two of the leading shares. Westralians were quiet and devoid of any particular feature, and the same remark applies to West African.

There was rather a set-back in Argentine land companies on a little profit-taking, and Anglo "A" reacted, but closed firm. Hudson's Bays kept steady, but Pekin Syndicates and Shansi came into favour on poor prospects.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEORGIUS (Constant Reader): You had better consult a solicitor.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1905.

WHY IT PAYS TO EDUCATE THE POOR.

HERE is an interesting letter from a correspondent in West London, a letter which puts into words what many people feel, and which is worth replying to:

If ratepayers would only visit a modern London Board school or Council school (as they are now termed)—one built, say, within the last ten years—they would be astounded at the luxury of it all. The spacious hall, the conveniences for teaching everything, nothing common or rough in quality, but the very best, and plenty of it.

I feel a pang of envy when I call to mind what the education of my children costs in schools where the apparatus is nothing like so complete and the rooms are just barely large enough to be healthy.

I am not able to send them to the Council school, though I would willingly pay for such luxury in education if it were to be had at a moderate price.

Now there is a good deal of reason in these remarks and a great deal of pathos. Our correspondent is one of the many thousands of moderately well-to-do people who are to-day being ground between the stones of two educational systems.

Under the old system those who could pay for their children's education. The children of those who could not pay did not get any at all.

In those days the nation did not see that it was either its duty or its interest to educate the children of the poor. Now we realise that education is a national, as well as an individual, advantage.

That is why we have decided to educate those who would not otherwise be educated at all out of the common fund to which we all have to contribute.

In time the schools paid for out of this common fund will be, as they are in America, the schools for everybody.

Until this time comes a great many people are in the position of our correspondent. They cannot use the schools paid for out of the rates because many of the children in them are dirty and evil-tongued. They have to pay both for their own children's education in private schools and for the education of the poor in public schools. They are, as I have said, pinched between the old system and the new.

It would be very unwise, however, for them to cheapen the education of the poor. They should make it better. For this reason.

If we educate the present generation of elementary school children really well, teach them to love cleanliness, and to abhor foul language, and to be decent members of society, the next generation will be well brought up; the time for educating all children in the public schools will have arrived; and the ratepayer will be relieved of his double burden.

In any case it is useless to protest against the rated schools being well equipped. For the Poor have now the Power and they mean to use it. A man wrote to the "Times" the other day to say that, as the working classes now stand so much upon their rights, he had determined to do more for them in the way of charity.

That is quite as it should be. The working classes do not want charity. They want justice, and, though they get it for a while at the expense of our correspondent, in time it will benefit him, too. Society based on justice will be better for all honest, industrious people than Society founded on Prejudice, Privilege, and Sham.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth—and to have it found out by accident.—Charles Lamb.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

EARL Brownlow, who celebrates his sixty-first birthday to-day, is, as far as the possession of fine houses is concerned, one of the most fortunate members of the peerage. He has Belton House, in Lincolnshire, famous for its rare Dutch garden and the marvellous conservatory, where white statues glisten amongst green plants; Ashridge Park, that fine place in Hertfordshire; and the inside of his house in London also—8, Carlton House-terrace—is a marvel of decoration and ornament. Lord and Lady Brownlow are far fonder of the country than of London, and most of the year they spend entertaining very carefully-selected house-parties at Belton or at Ashridge.

* * *

Lady Brownlow, who was Lady Adelaide Talbot, a daughter of the eighteenth Lord Shrewsbury, has the reputation of being very exclusive, and it is said that the ways and doings of that section of society, obscurely alluded to as the "smart set," have absolutely no attraction for her. No doubt that is so, but Lady Brownlow is, none the less, not exclusive in a narrow sense—she is always ready to "take up" anyone who may be attractive to her without consideration of position in society,

ceiving many congratulations just now on the engagement of her son, Mr. Reginald Ronalds, to Miss Thora Scott Strong. Mr. Reginald Ronalds is as well known in London as in American society, and is extremely popular. Tall, fair, and with charming manners, he is welcome wherever he goes. He was one of the rough-riders in the late Spanish-American war, and distinguished himself throughout the campaign.

* * *

Carlsbad is, so I hear from a correspondent, having a more than usually successful season this year. A great many interesting English people have passed through, or are still staying there, and amongst the latest arrivals are Mr. Henrietta Heathon, who is recovering from his postal labours, Mr. Walter Baring, British Minister to Monte Video, and another celebrity who is a good deal stared at by his fellow-countrymen—Dr. Jameson, the Premier of Cape Colony.

* * *

To-night the Promenade Concerts, always the delight of weary Londoners in the autumn, begin at Queen's Hall under the direction of Mr. Henry J. Wood. Mr. Wood is an extraordinarily energetic

grey on hot days, is nearly always crowded with well-dressed people, many of them Americans on their sight-seeing expeditions through London.

* * *

Lord Anglesey is to arrive at PlasNewydd, next week, when shooting will commence over those estates. However, he will not be able to stay there very long, as he has only comparatively recently joined the Royal Horse Guards, and, naturally, during the first year his leave will not be a lengthened one. The new peer has already made the most favourable impression on all those who have met him. He has become exceedingly popular in his regiment, and is, of course, one of the most eligible young men in London.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

HOURS OF RAILWAY MEN.

I think that Mr. Simons' knowledge of railway work, especially as regards signalling, is very slight. I very much question if 5 per cent. of signal boxes employ two men at the same time, taking the whole of the British railways into consideration.

The hours of the majority of signalmen are nothing to grumble about, but their wages are very meagre. Over 50 per cent. receive no more than 20s. per week of six days. A. T. S.

It would, no doubt, surprise the many readers of the *Daily Mirror* that travel by the new electric trains on the District Railway to be informed of the long hours the staff have to be on duty.

I can prove that men are doing a day's work of twelve, fourteen, and fourteen-and-a-half hours, and when men have to do these hours seven days a week—which is almost a rule, not an exception—you can guess they get pretty well run down.

The hours a motorman puts in, stuck in a little box, are enough to ruin his nerves and cause him to make a slip which might mean a disaster.

I ask you to publish these facts, which I can substantiate. They may serve as a reminder to some of the passengers that the gatemen and conductors, whom they may have thought surly and snappy, are not really so; they are merely in a semi-stupor, brought on by long hours and too many rule-books.

FORMER SEASON TICKETHOLDER.

THE FAILURE OF SCIENCE.

Your article under this head must surely convey the impression to the mass of unthinking people that science must necessarily be opposed to religion.

But is not science the study of the process of life, the pursuit of knowledge only, and has not religion everything to gain and nothing to lose in the acquirement of knowledge and the discovery of truth?

Science is in God; a road that must lead straight to Him if man will but follow it far enough.

To discover, in the wonderful revelations of science, God's way of working in the universe which He has created, is surely not to lose the way to Him but to find it. H. P. H.

Brookham, Surrey.

UNIVERSAL MILITARY SERVICE.

This seems to be a question that is foremost in the minds of leading parliamentary and commercial men at the present time. It is the outcome of Lord Roberts' strong language upon the Army—that it is no better able to prevent the field than in our last disastrous war.

Why did not Lord Roberts, when at the head of affairs as Commander-in-Chief, put the Army in such a position that it could take the field against even any European Power, or initiate a scheme that might have been followed up after he left? R. D'OLUY.

WHY DO MEN SHAVE?

I have just returned from Germany—the land of the "Kaiser" moustache. There I find they consider a clean-shaven appearance characteristic of the Englishman.

Certainly wearing a moustache gives the Germans the appearance of a nation of "old" young men. Why should we, therefore, endeavour to eliminate our national distinction?

Better by far to be proud that we have an "English" face, distinctive from the whiskered foreigner.

SANDPAPERED.

More letters from our readers on "Are Wives a Help or a Hindrance?" "Is There a Spirit World?" and "Are Holidays Any Good?" will be found on other pages.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 18.—The torch lilies (red-hot pokers) quickly send up their tall spikes. These plants have imposing cylindrical heads of bloom and are fine subjects for garden decoration. Some sorts are quite hardy and easy to grow, the red-flowered variety, so often seen, being one of the best.

Beautiful antirrhinums (snapdragons) are out in many shades of colour. For providing a brilliant mass of bloom over a long period they are hard to beat; as they do well in poor, dry soil, many a famished-looking garden might be easily made gay with them.

B. F. T.

THE NAUGHTY BOY IN THE EUROPEAN BOAT.



The fact that the Emperor William has again caused uneasiness by recalling his chief Minister from his holidays lends especial point to this amusing cartoon from the "Tacoma Daily Ledger" (U.S.A.). He seems to take delight in disturbing Europe, and keeping it in perpetual fear of what he will do next.

and in this way she has often been the chaperon of many girls during their first season. The best known of all her protégées is the present Lady Curzon of Kedleston, whom she introduced to society as Miss Mary Leiter.

* * *

The Earl of Cavan, who has just been appointed as second in command of the 1st Grenadier Guards, in the place of the late Major Marshall, served with distinction all through the South African war. He has been with his regiment to Bermuda, and, when he was Viscount Kilcoursie, distinguished himself out there by a very diplomatic method of dealing with some mutinous soldiers of the Leicestershire Regiment, whom he had been sent to quell.

* * *

Lord Kilcoursie marched with his little force until he came into view of the mutineers. Then he called his four sergeants to him and said: "I am sure that there will be no need to use force with these Leicestershire lads. I shall keep my men back. You go forward and try to talk them over." The sergeants did what they were told, succeeded in calming the indignant mutineers, talked them to the moon, remarked what a fine night it was. Finally, by means of such irrelevant persuasions, the men were completely soothed, and accompanied Lord Kilcoursie back to their comrades without a blow having been struck.

* * *

Mrs. Ronalds, who is certainly one of the most popular of all the American hostesses in London, at the present time at Carlsbad, and one or two members of her family are with her. She is re-

person. Every year he is faithfully at his post. It would be impossible to work harder than he, and you may often see him at Pagan's restaurant, near the Queen's Hall, hurriedly taking a little food between two long rehearsals. He declares himself that no work with which he is in sympathy really tells upon him, yet the amount of concentration in conducting that great orchestra must surely put a great strain upon a man's energy.

* * *

To show how great this concentration is I may recall a little incident which happened at one of the concerts last year. Mr. Wood was in the midst of Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll." There was dead silence, of course, for at such concerts the managers are, or at least used to be, wise enough to close the doors to prevent irritating people who arrive late from disturbing others. Suddenly a loud scream was heard from a baby. Everybody looked up. Silence again. Then another scream. Immediately Mr. Wood's baton was lowered, the orchestra stopped simultaneously, and the conductor waited quietly until the baby and its mother (who appeared to be quite unconscious that she was causing any inconvenience) had been gently but firmly removed.

* * *

In spite of this being the dead season in London, certain of the restaurants are still very well attended. I was surprised to notice at Simpson's, in the Strand, the other day the number of ladies who seem to have taken it up as a place for lunch and dinner. Simpson's, with its excellent joints and wholesome English fare, used to be considered a man's restaurant; now it is just as popular with women, and the charming upstairs room, cool and

LITTLEHAMPTON'S 8-YEAR-OLD HEROINE.

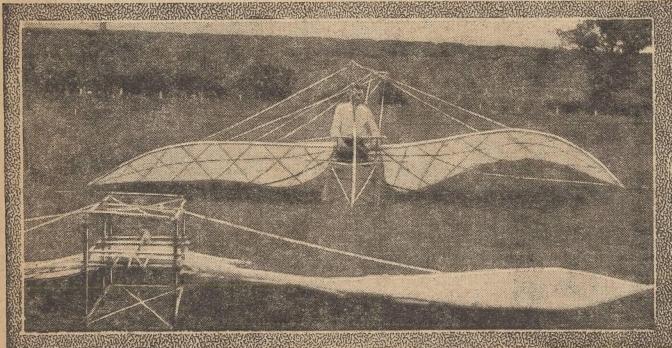


Winnie Curtis, who risked her life in an attempt to save her younger sister from drowning in the river at Littlehampton, is standing in the photograph by the side of the mate of the Skylark yacht, who finally effected the rescue of the drowning child. Edith Curtis, the little girl who was saved, is next to her sister.



W. Goldsmith, the mate of the Skylark, climbing on board after rescuing Edith Curtis. The child he saved can be seen on the yacht. Winnie Curtis, who jumped into the water to save her sister, managed to swim ashore.

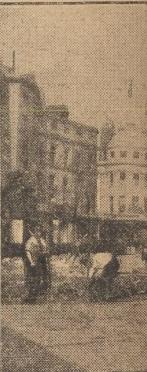
MR. EDGAR WILSON AND HIS FLYING MACHINE.



Mr. Edgar Wilson, in the curious flying machine in which he was to have made an experimental flight at Wembley Park. Mr. Wilson may congratulate himself that he was not in the machine when it was launched into the air, for it dropped like a stone into the lake beneath the staging erected for the purposes of the flight.

BARRICADES
MILES OF ST.

The present condition of Piccadilly-circus. It looks more like the scene of an earthquake than one of London's busiest centres. Only an Alpine climber could easily cross the Circus.



Regent-street in the men. It is rendered wheelied traffic, and the roadway is being sam



Renewing the wood paving in the roadway at Trafalgar-square. It is one of the busiest spots in London, and the work is being pushed forward with all possible speed.

Repairing the pa just by Gray's Inn for the public co will soon b

M. WITTE'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK.



Members of the Russian colony in New York, headed by the priest of the Orthodox Greek Church, waiting for M. Witte. The Russian peace plenipotentiary's first act on arriving in New York was to attend a special service at the church.

D LONDON STREETS UP



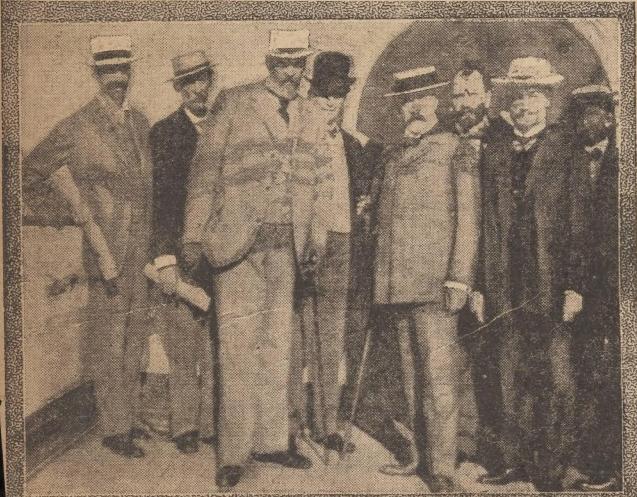
Laying down a new asphalt pavement on Westminster Bridge. The pavement is entirely in the workmen's hands, and pedestrians have to walk in the road.



State of the road in Holborn at the end of Chancery-lane. Great inconvenience is caused as only half the width of the road is available for vehicles.

ment in Holborn
ad. Fortunately
mience, the work
ompleted.

RUSSIAN PEACE ENVOYS ON THE MAYFLOWER.



Russian representatives at the Peace Conference photographed on President Roosevelt's yacht as they were on their way to the first meeting at Portsmouth, N.H. M. Witte is the tall man in the centre.

DRURY LANE'S CRIPPLED MANAGER.



Mr. Arthur Collins arriving at Drury Lane to attend a rehearsal of his autumn drama, "The Prodigal Son." He does not let the fact that he is suffering from gout prevent him from attending as usual to his work at the theatre.

IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THIS GROUP?



Name

Address

If you appear in this photograph mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected you will receive half a guinea. The group was photographed at Brighton. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

More Experiences of the Risks and Dangers of Married Life.

EGOISM REBUKED.

Here is another batch of letters giving a glimpse into the happy and unhappy lives which some of our readers have found in marriage:

A DISGRACE TO HIS UNIFORM.

Among the numerous letters in your charming little paper—relating to husbands and wives—I beg you will find space for my experience as wife and mother, so that I may get the opinion of many men on the subject.

I am what the world calls a deserted wife; I myself a widowed soul, as in my humble opinion only one man can fill the place in a woman's heart, even should she be a widow.

My husband is a retired Army officer, who amuses himself in the City with companies which never pay. We have now five children living. Brilliantly clever, and handsome in face and figure, he, alas, lacks one of the chief features of a soldier—pluck and courage.

Some time ago he calmly yet affectionately informed me that the responsibility of wife and children was too great for him, and the children made him look too old. He is over forty, and the ages of his children vary from eighteen years to the infant of three years.

This was my reward after over twenty years of self-sacrifice, devotion, and true fidelity, supplying him with money for all his needs, off-times, as I have lately discovered, simply to be squandered on a member of a certain club in Mayfair noted for posing as "men haters."

These are the vampires wives and children have to guard against.

Adam-street, Portman-square.

SELFISHNESS INCARNATE.

As a constant reader I have followed the correspondence on this subject with great interest, and I hope it may be beneficial to both sexes in thrashing out the faults and failings of human nature. I shall, naturally, confine myself to pointing out some failings, as I believe, in the opposite sex.

My own observation is that there are women and men, diamonds and the reverse. Wives I know who are thoroughly domesticated, as far as household matters are concerned, but nothing more, never making themselves attractive to their husbands as they did before marriage, ever wishing to be companionable or helpful in their husband's affairs—but then considering any reference to them as bore, having to turn the audacity to assert that they do not see why a woman should spoil her life and be dragged down, as they term it, by having children. Surely this is utter selfishness.

With regard to the legal state of a wife, she is far better off than the husband. "Ooey" (i.e., in all things lawful) has long become an obsolete word to many wives.

I should like to hear the other side of the case of "Three Times Married" before offering an opinion about three bad husbands in succession.

LIVERPOOLIAN.

DISILLUSIONED.

Some few years ago it fell to my lot to meet a lady who was a nurse (though being in the medical profession myself), bright, high spirited, my own age, and of very fascinating and winning ways. We became engaged.

Then I began to visit her at her home, and her true side began to show. She was extravagant, always in debt, and a great gossip, who knew more about other's business than she did her own.

I am still a (wiser) bachelor, a happier one, and when I ask myself would this lady as a wife be a help or a hindrance I can only think "the latter."

H. W.

Rigate.

THE WIFE'S RELATIONS.

I should like to ask "A Believer in Love and Happiness," who would not let his wife see her friends, if he thinks it costs a girl nothing to be separated from all her relations.

When I marry I will do my best to be a help to my husband, but I would never slight or forsake my old home and relations that have been dear to me since childhood.

If men would only remember their wives are human beings and not pieces of furniture they would find them a help and not a hindrance.

Dulwich LOVER OF HOME.

A HAPPY HUSBAND'S TESTIMONY.

I cannot answer for others (although I am afraid even a casual glance around among one's friends will show the rotten state of present-day matrimony), but as every little iota of good is worth recording in this poor old world, perhaps you will allow me to say that my wife is, and always has been, my dearest, best, and most useful treasure on earth.

MARRIED TO AN ANGEL.

Bayswater.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands Sabra Valence, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Valence. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the care of youth and love strong in her heart, sacrificed the sacrifice of great and lasting love to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer he was practical, penurious, she could see what care Sabra Valence, who while being was wrapped around with the rosy mist of love's young dream?

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, and all his son's inheritance, had almost entirely vanished in family reverses which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, nor all the power and influence that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Blanquart de Balliol and his son, begged and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hands.

Swindover had Lord Blanquart, who had been raising money for his meagre remaining possessions, and the poor old man who had called him, to meet him in his power, and he would hold the mortgages and bills that could not be met.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him.

Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Lord Blanquart scorned the idea.

Swindover's next step was to call upon Sabra Valence. He told her of the proposition he had made to Lord Blanquart, and she turned pale as Dick Dangerville. She showed her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blanquart and his son their former wealth and splendour.

Lord Blanquart resolved to sacrifice her love, and so wrote a letter to his son, bidding him bring Sabra Valence to him.

When Dick receives the letter he believes that Sabra has deserted him, and resolves to think of her no more.

He writes to Sabra, and she, though still in love, is engaged to be married to another. She therefore consents to her father's scheme for her marriage with Dick Dangerville.

CHAPTER X.—(continued).

"It ran like fever through my blood."

Fay Swindover rushed through her boudoir, through the dining-room next door, across an ante-room, and through the spacious dressing-room into her bedroom, and did not stop in her head-long flight until she had locked the white door, shutting herself alone in her sanctum sanctorum, closing out all the rest of the world.

Once alone in this refuge, safe from prying eyes, the girl abandoned herself to the terrible agitation that had evidently possessed itself of her entire being.

She rather fell into than sat down on a great square divan, scattering a pile of cushions with the violence of the movement. She unfolded the newspaper that she clutched in her hand, and, with anguished face, she pored over the announcement that her brother had read aloud at the luncheon table concerning the betrothal of a certain royal prince in far-away Mirmont, the quiet little German capital, with its fine palace and its pretty gardens and shady pinewoods.

She read the bald newspaper announcement through three times, four times, five, six times. Then, for a few moments, she sat perfectly rigid, motionless, with a face of stone and eyes of agate, and then she became like a woman possessed.

Then came the slow deliberation of her movements, the contraction, the indifference, the icy compression from her face, the strange, subtle charm from her whole personality.

A woman in the power of an evil spirit must have looked as Fay Swindover did now.

She sprang to her feet, her tall, angular body writhing, her bosom heaving, her breath coming in short, hissing gasps. She tore the newspaper to shreds with her nails, she tore down her red mist of hair, she tore at her flannel gown.

She flew up and down the room like a maniac, like fury incarnate. Her face was like chalk, her eyes were wild and staring, her thin lips were drawn back from her teeth in a snarl.

Then she flung herself on the floor; her hands beat the soft carpet; her terrible screams flung her slim body from side to side, so fearful was the force she had to use to suppress them.

Such a paroxysm could not last. Gradually the convulsive movements ceased. She lay on her side, her eyes closed, the lids purple where she had dug her cruel, strong fingers into them; her lips lost their frightening rigidity; she lay, worn out with her fury, moaning like a child.

The exquisite room formed a strangely peaceful setting for such a turbulent soul in the grip of such indescribable emotion. It was all white—carpet, curtains, furniture. It looked like a lovely garden. Gigantic Madonna lilies were raised in relief on the walls, as if growing from floor to ceiling, the stems and leaves of green enamel, the flowers in ivory and gold. The head and foot of the low bed were fashioned like a row of lilies, carved in ivory; the great high canopy was in the form of a lily flower, hung downwards; inside, it was draped with ethereal, cloud-like gauze, shot with silver threads. The bed-cover was of silver tissue embroidered with lilies; all the furniture, of white wood inlaid with ivory, was adorned with the graceful emblem of girlish purity, which was also Fay's favourite flower.

The golden appointments of the dressing-table were all fashioned in the form of lilies, with diamond dewdrops sparkling here and there. A great mirror was framed in a wreath of golden lilies, each flower concealing a tiny electric light.

And, in this exquisite bower, the girl who commanded all that the heart of mortal can desire through the power of her father's gold, lay moaning, after her paroxysm of wild fury had passed, herself like a broken lily, her hands stretched out impotent, frail, and helpless, her strength gone from her; her hair like a flame on the white carpet, a spot of crimson on her chin, trickling from her lips, where her teeth had bitten them.

Slowly she raised herself on hands and knees. Like a person weak from a terrible illness she tottered over to a mirror, and hid her face in her hands to escape from the sight of it.

Five minutes later she was herself again. There was an indomitable will in that frail form, and the brain that governed it was no ordinary one.

She took off her white flannel gown, noticing with a little smile, half-cruel and half-pathetic, that the lace at the throat was in ribbons. She bathed her face and dusted it with powder; she cooled her red hair loosely in her neck. She went into the adjoining room, and, opening one of the great white presses that lined the walls, she took from it an exquisite wrapper of white lace and chiffon, and, slipping into it, adjusted it with great care.

The change was as complete as it was sudden. She was the slim, elegant, somewhat frigid matron once more, unmoved and indifferent, moving with a slow and mysterious grace. Anyone who had been a witness of this secret moment of her life must have thought dizzily that the fury let loose in that lily-white room, the almost demoniacal violence, had been nothing but a vision and a dream.

Fay passed into her boudoir and unfastened the double-locked door. It was another exquisite apartment, in which white predominated, but flushed over with delicate shades of pink, rose mingling with coral in the subtest and most entrancing way. The girl sat down at her writing desk, and, with steady fingers, filled in a foreign telegraph form.

Then she touched a bell, a little golden bell that gave out a totally distinct sound, and was used to summon only one person.

This person appeared in a very few moments, a middle-aged, hard-featured woman, with smooth bands of grey hair, dressed in plain but handsome black, and wearing neither apron nor cap. Fay travelled with a small suite, but this prim and

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

austere Bavarian woman was her personal attendant, and enjoyed, to a certain extent, her mistress's confidence.

Fay spoke to her in German, holding out the telegram.

"Minna, will you please order the electric brougham and drive into Stoke Magnus and dispatch this at the Central Telegraph Office with your own hands?"

The woman inclined her head stiffly, took the yellow paper, and withdrew as noiselessly as she had come.

Fay dined in her own rooms that evening, despite authoritative and none too courteous messages from her father. Her brother, she learned, had already taken his departure.

She had not changed her dress; she had spent the long hours in pacing from end to end of her apartments, every now and then pressing her hand to her head as if it ached with an intolerable pain. But that was the only sign of emotion that she displayed.

It was ten o'clock before the answer to her telegram was brought to her. She opened it, smoothed it out, and for a second glanced away, then she read the message.

"It is true. Forgive me—Carl."

That was all. By the hour at which the telegram was dispatched from Mirmont she knew that it must have been written without hesitation, in answer to her message, immediately the latter had been received.

For a moment the shadow of the same demented fury as had possessed her in the afternoon passed over her face. Her body shook and swayed; her lips were drawn away from her teeth; her hand went, claw-like, to her throat.

But, this time, she controlled herself immediately.

"So he waited," she muttered to herself. "He waited until I was out of the way."

And then she broke down, and became an ordinary woman, wounded to death. She threw herself on to a couch and wept; she rocked herself to and fro in a tempest of natural anguish, and, between the paroxysms of sobs, she moaned aloud, like a soul abandoned to black despair:

"Oh, my God, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

When she grew calmer, she rose and walked over to a lovely cabinet of satinwood, inlaid with trails of roses in soft translucent enamel. She took a small key that she carried always with a bunch

(Continued on page 11.)

The Great Channel Swim

Read
what
Miss
Kellermann
says:



Photo (Copyright) "Daily Mirror."

Miss KELLERMANN refreshes with a Cup of Cadbury's Cocoa.

Messrs. Cadbury Bros.

DOVER,
5/8/05.

Gentlemen,

It may interest you to learn that during my trial swims preparatory to my attempt to swim the Channel, I have been using your Cocoa and your Chocolate. I FIND IT MORE NOURISHING AND SUSTAINING THAN ANY OTHER I have tried before. I have ordered a supply to take with me on the day of my attempt.

I remain, yours truly,
(Signed) ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

Cadbury's Cocoa

A
PERFECT
FOOD.

CAUTION.—See that you get CADBURY'S.

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

Further Evidence from Those of Our Readers Who Have Seen or Talked with the Dead.

FEW UNBELIEVERS.

We still receive every day an enormous number of letters containing the mystic experiences of our readers. A selection from the best authenticated follows:-

A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

My wife had been ill and, on arriving home from business in the evening, I advised her to lie down on the couch, which she did.

I took up a novel and became deeply interested in it. In turning over a page I took a casual look at my wife to see if she were awake, and to my horror I saw a big, wild black woman (as I thought, in the flesh) standing at the back of the couch with her hand smoothing the brow and forehead of my wife.

I could not speak, I was too nervous. But as I still looked, and looked, I saw that it was a spirit.

The spirit still smoothed the brow, but looking towards me, smiled at me, and then my nervousness left me. I saw the spirit distinctly speaking to me, but I could not understand what was being said to me, so I shook my head; and then, in dumb action, the spirit made me understand that she was but doing good to my wife. Then to my surprise the spirit vanished.

I called to my wife and she opened her eyes and said "You might smooth my forehead again, it feels ever so much better," but I said I had not touched her and told what had happened.

On the following Sunday we both went to a spiritualist meeting, and one of the speakers told my wife that there was a spirit in the hall who stood at the side of her. My wife failed to understand who it could be, but from the description given I told the speaker that I knew who it was; it was the spirit of the black woman who had been in my house.

ARTHUR C. W. KNOWLES.

63, Charteris-road, Finsbury Park.

FATAL ACCIDENT FORETOLD.

Last summer my husband and I invited my brother-in-law to spend a week with us prior to his departure for India. You can imagine our surprise when he informed us that he was a "spirit medium," because we all used to think it was rubbish, like a great many who have not gone in for proofs.

One evening I noticed a peculiar far-away look on my brother-in-law's face, and my husband immediately noticed that he was in a sort of sleep. All of a sudden he spoke of various subjects, but not in his own voice. The spirit of a doctor who had passed over came through him, and told me I was not well, and wrote a prescription which would cure me. He then said there would be a disaster in a small rowing-boat. A lady and two gentlemen would be drowned, and we were to be sure and look in the newspaper three days from then.

We did go, and the exact fatality happened in the very seaside place he mentioned—Hoylake.

One might as well disbelieve in wireless telegraphy as spiritualism. One is no more wonderful than the other.

L. LAURIE.

140, Farringdon-road, E.C.

ARE THERE ANY "SENSIBLE" SPIRITS?

I am much interested in the correspondence in the *Daily Mirror* on the "Spirit World," and hope some of your correspondents may be able to give some instances of spirits who do or say something sensible. In old times they used to rattle chains. Now, that was a silly thing to do.

Mr. H. J. Charlton says the spirit he saw dispensed "roses to different gentlemen."

Another correspondent saw a spirit with a "large black hat with bunches of red berries in it."

In another case white tulip appeared, which faded in a few days, as we expect an ordinary tulip to do.

Now, all I ask is that someone will tell us of a spirit that did or said something sensible.

It cannot be worth a spirit's while to come from another (and we hope a better) world to do such silly things as these.

MATTER OF FACT.

Sheen-road, Richmond.

OLD FRIENDS RECALLED.

I have been much interested (along with other members of our family) as to whether there exists a "Spirit World"; and, if so, in the possibility of communication between our spirit friends and ourselves.

During these last two years we have had ample proof of the continuity of a conscious existence.

While sitting "in circle" we have had disclosed to us by a friend whose acquaintance we had then recently made (and who consequently could not know much of our family history) many an old friend or relation whom we had almost forgotten.

A little paper of instruction and advice on how to conduct circles (as they are called) can be obtained from the office of "Light," 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., for the cost of postage.

G. A. HAYES.

GIRL CHANNEL-SWIMMER.



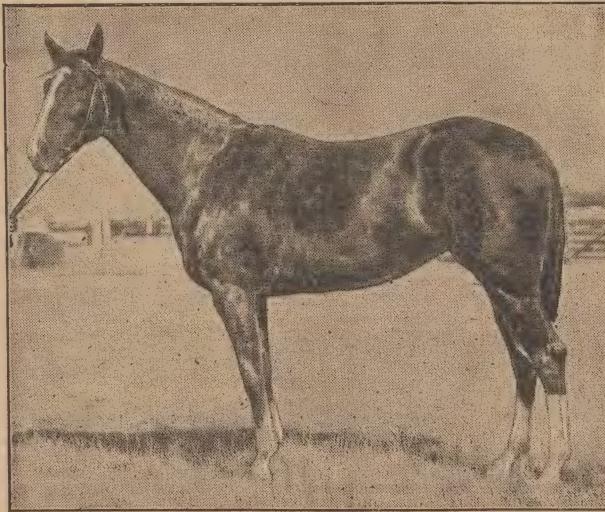
Miss Annette Kellermann photographed as she was entering the water for a practice swim. She hopes to be able to make an attempt to cross the Channel early next week.

CITY LIFE CONDEMNED.



Sir James Crichton-Browne, who declared that the growth of great cities was a national danger in his presidential address at the Sanitary Inspectors' Conference.—(Elliott and Fry.)

PRETTY POLLY'S SISTER WINS AT KEMPTON.



Major Eustace Loder's Adula, own sister to the famous Pretty Polly, which won the City of London Breeders' Foal Plate at Kempton Park.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

of others in a gold chain bag, and, unlocking the cabinet, also unlocked one of the drawers. When she came back to the fire that had been lighted earlier in the evening, she carried in her hand a square case of soft white leather and a bundle of letters. She untied the ribbon that bound the packet; she did not look at the letters, but she let them slide through her fingers, one by one, into the heart of the fire. They were all written on faint blue paper, embossed with a small cipher and a princely crown.

When the last letter had fallen a prey to the flames, she took up the white leather case and opened it. It contained a large photograph of a handsome, fair young man in a splendid white and silver uniform. Across one of the lower corners was written in a black, splashing hand, "For ever, Carl."

Fay slowly and deliberately tore the pasteboard in half, then in quarters, and dropped them, too, into the fire. The telegram that she had just received followed. Then she opened the lace at her throat and pulled out the locket containing the miniature on the long diamond chain.

The same face smiled at her under the shining helmet, the fair, virile, arresting face, with the clear eyes and the little fair moustache. She was just about to tear the ivory plaque from its setting, when, instead, she raised it to her lips and kissed it in a very frenzy of passion; and then, with streaming eyes, she shook her head madly, closed the locket, and let it slide back into her bosom to the

place where that pictured face would rest for ever, above her passionate, broken heart.

A quarter of an hour later she sent a message to her father, asking him to be good enough to come to her in her boudoir.

Swindover stamped into the room. He looked flushed and angry, and his little eyes fixed themselves on his daughter's face with that swift, deadly glance of suspicion that seemed to dart out like lightning from a sullen sky.

Beth Fay had wiped all traces of emotion from her face.

"Father," she said, with cold and formal politeness, "please sit down and listen to what I have to say. I don't want to refer again to the painful scene of this morning."

"You'd better not, my girl," he blurted out in his fat voice that was still hoarse with rage. "I won't have you setting up your will against mine when I choose that you shall obey me. And the sooner you come to your senses the better, because I'll find a way of making you in the end. Don't you worry about that."

"I merely wish to remind you," Fay went on calmly, as if he had not spoken, "that you again opened up the subject that you had discussed with me yesterday—that of this marriage that you want to arrange for me with Mr. Dangerville."

"And you treated me to a lot of infernal saucy," he roared.

"I refused to consider the matter at all," said Fay. "But now I want to tell you that I have changed my mind." Her faint voice took on a note of intense and deadly cynicism. "If you can persuade Mr. Dangerville to be a party to this delightful and delicate arrangement—I will marry him."

(To be continued.)

FREE PRIZES FOR ALL.

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TO H.M. THE KING.

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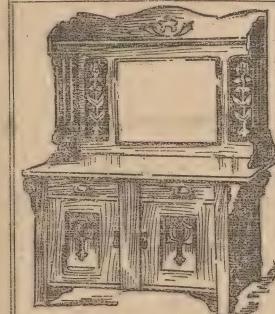


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Ltd. (The Lion). July 1st. 1905. Silver Ring engraved with either of the Zodiac Signs. £2.50.

Diamond and Ruby 18-carat Gold Ring. 20/- on 10/- Trade sum on receipt, and get monthly, or 27/- cash value. We have never seen

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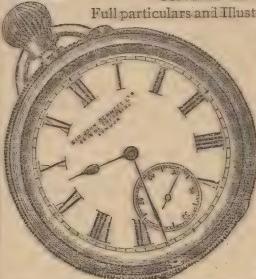
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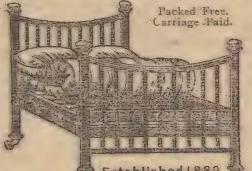
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AMBITIOUS young ladies anxious to get up to the School of Motoring; prospects—(24) by return.—Berry, at Liverpool, and 225, Beaconsfield-street, Manchester.

CANADA.—Wanted single men; families; few reduced; single women; domestics; farm returns on arrival at Montreal.—Wright & Heaton, 1886, 106.

FIVE Positions for the profession now open by advertisement writers; such as the professor and teacher to a position; list of employed graduates and prospective postees.

PAGE-DAVIS CO. (Dept. 190, 195, Oxford-st., London, W.)

PRIVATE Christmas Cards; agents wanted; experienced; simple or elaborate.

RELIABLE Agents wanted for well-known firm, no experience required; can earn generous experience not essential.—White, 1383, 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

DOMESTIC.—Housemaid; age about 18; small family; no basement. 51, Brondesbury-st., Kilburn.

DENTISTRY.

TEETH Free.—The Benevolent Dental Society of Great Britain, founded to assist Artificial Teeth free, the cost of making, a general fund, and the services of dentists. Order letters are given to Private Dentists for Free Teeth.—Applications by letter, at Office, 7, Whitefriars-st., E.C. Elwin Drew, Secy. Edin. Amusement.

This office very useful to all applicants.

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EVERY LADY should read this flannelette talk!

Ordinary flannelette has a very serious drawback—it catches fire so easily, and burns so quickly.

NON-FLAM, the new fireproof flannelette, WILL NOT BURN. Held over a lighted candle it merely smoulders and goes out immediately the light is withdrawn. Moreover, NON-FLAM is aseptic—disease germs cannot live upon it. You can wash NON-FLAM again and again without destroying its valuable properties. Cleaners, Medical Men, the Press—all speak of NON-FLAM in the highest terms.

PARENTS! You and your children run needless risks if you wear ordinary flannelette. WEAR NON-FLAM, the safe flannelette. Of all Diapers, SEND POSTCARD NOW AND WE WILL POST YOU FREE SAMPLE, which test for yourself against any so-called safe flannelette after the latter has been washed. You will at once see the difference and find it in your interest to buy NON-FLAM.

Address PATENTEE'S "NON-FLAM" (Desk 46), Ayloun St., Manchester.

THE SAFE FLANNELETTE

PRIZES WON BY THE CHILDREN WHO COMPETE IN THIS PAGE—BEAUTIES OF OLD TIMES.

VANITY YEARS AGO.

BUTTERMILK AND TANSY A GOOD RECIPE FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Many people are apt to suppose that the profession of a beauty doctor is entirely modern. But since the beginning of time women have resorted to arts and crafts for preserving and enhancing their personal charms.

The women of ancient Rome were wont to plaster their faces at night with a poultice made of bread-crums and asses' milk, which, on being removed in the morning left a freshness and whiteness that highly delighted them. The juices of several fruits, but preferably the raspberry, were looked upon as



A simple frock of pearl-grey autumn cloth, embellished with tucks and worn with a deep cream lace chemisette and under-sleeves. The belt and the bows above are made of black velvet.

sovereign washes for the skin, and milk was relied upon to impart a velvety softness.

The following is said to be the recipe for a cold-cream used by a beauty of several centuries ago. "Near the last of May take one pound of pure fresh butter put it into a white basin and expose it to the sun well protected from dust and dirt. When it is melted pour over it some plantain water, and mix this together. Repeat this operation several times a day, and for several days, until the butter is as white as snow. The last day add a little orange flower and rose-water. This cream is to be applied at night and removed carefully in the morning."

An old Italian recipe for obliterating the injurious effects of salt air and sunshine upon the complexion is to bathe the face with the white of an egg well-beaten. Let it dry on the skin and rinse it off after a quarter of an hour. This treatment must be repeated three or four times, and always at night before retiring. In the days of our great-grandmothers the panacea for all complexion ills was the application of a decoction made from soaking wild tansy in buttermilk.

WHILE MOTHER IS AT WORK.

LADY KINNOULL TO BOYS AND GIRLS COLLECTING FOR POOR BABIES.

The first batch of collecting cards for Lady Kinnoull's Day Nurseries for the children of working mothers has been sent out to *Daily Mirror* readers, and to those who have received them Lady Kinnoull addresses the following letter:—

Dear Boys and Girls.—We are so pleased to enlist such a capital regiment of "Collectors" for the poor little London babies. By next Saturday I hope we shall have a list long and still, for you see, as we want a whole thousand pounds it will take a great many of you to collect it.

On September 30—be sure you remember the date—I want you to send your cards back, and I will give prizes to the two boys and the two girls

who have collected the largest amounts. I wonder if you are quite sure you understand what you are collecting for. Let me tell you about it over again to make it plainer, because my last letter about it was more to "grown-ups," wasn't it? Well, you see, it is like this—London is a very big place, and in many parts of it people live in dreadful crowds. Sometimes a whole family live in one room. Sometimes in two. Sometimes in three.

Now, you know how miserable and uncomfortable and cross you feel if you have to stay in your comfey nursery even for one day because it rains too heavily for you to go out.

Eight-Year-Old Nurse.

But it is much worse for the poor babies who live in those tiny homes, because everybody else is there, too, and there isn't enough room for them to breathe nice air, nor to play about happily on a clean floor with a woolly lamb or a furry monkey, or a box of bricks, if they are old enough.

Then sometimes it happens that the babies' mothers have died. And that is very sad, because, you see, people who live in very tiny homes don't have servants and "Nannie-nurses" to do things for them, so the poor fathers don't know what in the world to do with the babies while they go to work.

Only the other day I was looking at a little ill baby in a hospital, and the matron said, "You see, it has no mother, and a little sister of eight years old took care of it—she tried her very hardest, but she couldn't manage quite yet."

And a little while before that I found another ill baby in hospital, whose brother, aged twelve, had been its only nurse. The poor boy had no

one to help him, and he had to look after the baby all day, and then go to school for six years on account of ill-health, but for all that she has done a nice little sketch, and quite deserves the third prize.

The fourth prize of 2s. 6d. goes to Josephine Stedman, age six, 13, Huntley-road, South Norwood.

RESULT OF FLAG-PAINTING COMPETITION.

GIRL AGED ONLY EIGHT, WINS THE FIRST PRIZE.

This competition proved an immense success—many more than usual entered for the prizes, and I was surprised to see how many of you had got the Union Jack quite right. The first prize of 5s. has been won by Muriel Wills, age eight, 26, Beech Grove-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a very neat little painting indeed. The second prize of 2s. 6d. is for Leslie George, 37, Poplar-road, Hoe-street, Leyton, age seven years. His sketch is done in chalks and looks very pretty.

Ethel Linsdall, of 55, High-street, Walthamstow, Essex, wins the third prize of 2s. 6d. Ethel tells me she has not been to school for six years on account of ill-health, but for all that she has done a nice little sketch, and quite deserves the third prize.

The fourth prize of 2s. 6d. goes to Josephine Stedman, age six, 13, Huntley-road, South Norwood.

Honourable mentions are awarded to:—

Lucy May, 31, Gosberton-road, Balham.
Margery Hull, age eleven, Woodfield Lodge, Torquay.

Thomas H. Buss, 42, New-street, St. Judes, Bristol, age ten.
Bernard Murray, 75, Hatchett-street, Birmingham.



Colour the above picture with your paints or crayons and send in according to the directions to be found in the letterpress on this page.

shoes or socks for it, and so he had tied rolls of newspaper round its feet to prevent it from taking cold! That was thoughtful of him, only, you see, babies can't keep well like that.

Then sometimes it is that mothers have to go to work, and sometimes it is for the still sadder reason that the fathers have been sent to prison. We had such a sorrowful letter the other day from a man in prison asking us to take care of his two youngest children in the daytime so that their mother could work and earn enough to feed the bigger children till he came home again.

ham, age eleven. Your sketch is very nice, Bernard. I should like to see you try again.

Charles Jakins, 27, Wood-street, Brighton.
Allan Ramsey, 8, Stockwell-street, Greenwich, age nine.

Gwen Wells, Queen Hotel, Teddington, who has painted the sky a lovely gold colour.

Ronald E. Beare, 29, Alexandra-road, Southampton. A very neat little sketch, Ronald.

Flossie Mosley, age eleven, Alma-street, Nottingham.

Isa Ayers, age nine, 16, Herbert-road, Southsea. L. Hartwell, the Newcastle-on-Tyne, Lexington-street—nurseries and playrooms and bathrooms. So now we say to the fathers and mothers: "If you bring baby here on your way to work, we will take the very nicest, wisest care of it we can. Then you can call for it on your way home from work, and pay twopenny each day towards its food."

But the babies have a list long and still, for you see, as we want a whole thousand pounds it will take a great many of you to collect it. This week I have got our artist to draw you a picture from Monkey Land. The little old man monkey is coming back from the fair on a sunny summer evening. He has a sack of coconuts on his back, which he told our artist he knocked down with one ball; but I am afraid that is more than we can believe, especially as monkeys never were good at telling the truth.

Colour the picture as usual and send it in to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., up to the first post on Wednesday morning, August 23, 1905.

DELICIOUS
NUTRITIOUS



RAIN INTERFERES WITH COUNTY CRICKET.

Three Centuries for Kent—Yorkshire Winning Derby Declare Against Lancashire.

BATSMEN TRIUMPHANT.

By F. B. WILSON

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

In spite of a great deal of rain yesterday, the batsmen, in matches which were continued in spite of the wet, took tea with their powers, and a costly tea, too.

* * *

Yorks, the champions that are to play Essex through the mangle, and are bound to win, unless the weather plays the part of burglar to-day. Denton raised his over-night score to 134, and Hirst collected 90, so that the total compiled by the "Tykes" was a big one.

* * *

The Australians belted Northampton most unmercifully, and wrung from them, more cruelly, Hove, aided and abetted by the mangle, batted 154, and the final total was a huge one. Northampton are likely to go through.

* * *

Bad weather has already spoiled the Derby and Lancashire matches. The former declared yesterday at 387, but it is not time for the game to be finished. For Kent, Seymour, and Mason all exceeded the century, and Somerset are in a bad way indeed. The hoy country shall have an easy victory in front of them unless it snows now.

* * *

Sussex made a corner turn at Hastings, R. A. Young, the Cambridge freshman, slapping up 120 to 19, to the 495 of their opponents. Hampshire made a plucky start until rain took charge of the match.

* * *

Notts, though interfered with by the ubiquitous, continued to make a good record. At Trent Bridge, when the day was over, concluded the verdict was: Notts cannot lose and Middlesex cannot win." It is unlikely, however, that Middlesex will lose.

* * *

Warwick may be considered unlucky and Surrey the reverse in the present match at Birmingham. On Thursday night the home side scored 372 for eight wickets—a very strong position. Had the match been played out they might have won, but as it is the game should result in a draw. Warwick declared, and Surrey had a bit of batting late in the day.

* * *

Worcester, also, can hardly thank the clerk of the weather for his interference at the home ground, as there were 55 to 50 in favour of the visitors, and with three wickets in hand. Unless some comic business occurs this match should be another case of "No contest."

F. B. WILSON.

CHAMPIONS IN DANGER.

Derby declared against Lancashire with 387 for eight wickets, and the champions lost three wickets for six before the close of play. Scores:

DERBYSHIRE.

L. G. Wright, c Spooner, b Hobson.....	75	A. E. Lawton, c Sharp, b Cook.....	1
B. Kermode, c Warner, b Cook.....	19	J. D. G. Tarrant, b Cook.....	45
E. M. Ashcroft, b Ken.....	19	R. C. Hunter, not out	9
G. O. Oliver, c Kershaw, b Cook.....	5	H. D. Broad, c Cook.....	9
Morton, b Kermode.....	69	Extras	6
<i>Innings declared closed.</i>		Total (for 9 wkt.)	387
<i>Barton did not bat.</i>			

LANCASHIRE.

H. G. Garnett, c Warren, b Cook.....	10	L. O. S. Gedwin, not out	20
H. G. Gedwin, b Hobson.....	6	Hebe, not out	1
R. H. Spooner, b Gedwin.....	6	Extras	1
Tydesley, c Lawton, b Cook.....	40	Total (for 5 wkt.)	67
Hallows, Kermode, Cook, Sharp, Worley, and Tanson, b Barton.....	17	<i>Innings declared closed.</i>	

LITTLE PLAY AT BIRMINGHAM.

Owing to rain, but little play was possible at Birmingham yesterday. Score:

WARRICKSHIRE.

T. G. Fishwick, b Bowes.....	13	J. Bryson, b Smith, b Russel.....	25
J. Crawford, b Bowes.....	25	S. J. Stansfeld, c Haywood, b Russel.....	24
Kinner, c Smith, b Knox.....	9	Baker, not out	65
Dovey, not out	5	Baker, not out	0
Quinton, b Bowes.....	1	Quinton, b Bowes.....	0
Smith, b Bowes.....	73	Haywood, not out	6
Charlesworth, c Lord.....	13	Extras	13
Dalmont, b Hobbs.....	91	Total (for 6 wkt.)	372
<i>Feld to bat.</i>			

SURREY.

First Innings—Haward, not out, 6; Hobbs, not out, 5; extras 1, total (for 9 wkt.) 13. Second Innings—Dowd, b Hobson, c Tarrant, b Hobson.....

E. H. Hayes, b Hobson, c Tarrant, b Hobson.....

CENTURY BY DENTON.

Yorkshire made a big score against Essex yesterday, and held a winning advantage at the close. Denton made 134. Score:

ESSEX.

J. W. H. T. Douglas, c Hough, b Hobson.....	28	Canner, b Haigh, b Russel, c Smith, b Ringrose.....	28
Carpenter, b Hobson.....	1	Baker, not out	5
Hirst, b Hobson.....	1	Baker, not out	0
P. Perin, b Ringrose.....	10	Buckenhams, c Rhodes, b Ringrose.....	10
C. McGehee, c Rhodes, b Ringrose.....	36	Extras	5
R. P. Keigwin, c Rhodes, b Hobson.....	7	Extras	3
b Hobson.....	171	Total (for 6 wkt.)	423

YORKSHIRE.

E. Smith, b Tremlett.....	4	Rhodes, c McGahay, b Buckenhams.....	66
Botherapy, c and b Rees.....	53	Tremlett, b Hobson.....	65
Tunnicliffe, b Benham.....	19	Haigh, not out	65
D. Buckenham, b Hobson.....	134	Mycroft, b Hobson.....	6
Hirst, c Reeves, b Buckenham.....	80	Extras	7
<i>Innings declared closed.</i>			

Notts declare AGAINST MIDDLESEX.	
After a delay caused by rain, Notts declared their innings closed against Middlesex with the score at 418 for five wickets. Score:	
<i>Innings declared closed.</i>	
<i>Rees, Hirst, and Tunnicliffe did not bat.</i>	
<i>Innings declared closed.</i>	

A. O. Jones, c Tarrant, b Hobson.....	123	Hardstaff, c Hearne, b Hobson.....	30
Iremonger, c Bannister.....	61	D. B. Warner, not out	6
b Hobson.....	134	H. H. Goodall, not out	4
Gunn, J. G., b Tarrant, b Hobson.....	68	Extras	15
<i>Innings declared closed.</i>			

VARDON IN FINE FORM.	
James Braithwaite, Head, Harry Vardon, and J. H. Taylor are all expected at St. Andrews on Monday for two days' practice on the course prior to the first part of the international foursome for £400, which will be decided off at Craigielaw.	
Vardon played grandly, and his partner, G. Reid, of Guisane, was very steady in his iron play, with the result that the pair, plus J. and J. Abson, won 5 up and 4 to play. The "Cobbers" accomplished the splendid score of 73.	
<i>W. G. Heymann, Wm. Hallam, and Oates did not bat.</i>	
<i>Innings declared closed.</i>	

MIDDLESEX.

First Innings—J. Douglass, b Heymann, 10; P. F. Warner, not out, 14; Tarrant, not out, 10; extras, 6; total (for 1 wkt.) 40.

G. McGregor, C. M. Wells, L. S. Wells, B. J. T. Bosanquet, and Palmer, A. B., Littlejohn, Trott, and Hearne (J. T.) bat.

UPHILL FIGHT FOR HAMPSHIRE.

Young followed Fry as a century-maker against Hampshire yesterday at Brighton. Hampshire at the close of play were 307 behind with nine wickets to fall. Score:

SUSSEX.

C. B. Fry, c Stone, b Langford.....	125	Leach, c Stone, b Langford.....	14
Vineyard, b Langford.....	69	Seymour, b Steel.....	0
Killick, b Norbury.....	63	W. Newham, b Langford	1
R. A. Young, c Stone, b Cox.....	120	Cox, b Burt, not out	0
Rolf, run out	28	Extras	28
B. P. Chapman, b Steel.....	0	Total (for 4 wkt.)	193

HAMPSHIRE.

F. H. Bacon, c Relf, b Stone.....	17	Relf, c Stone, b Langford.....	17
Killick, not out	29	Bignell, not out	17
E. M. Spot, not out	70	Extras	5
Llewellyn, b Leach	78	Total (for 4 wkt.)	191
A. E. M. Edes, b Leach	81	<i>Innings declared closed.</i>	

AUSTRALIANS' HUGE SCORE.

Against the moderate score of 149, hit up by Northampton on Thursday, the Australians yesterday made 533 for six wickets. A. J. Hopkins made a century. Score:

NORTHAMPTON.

E. M. Cross, b Arundell, b Hobson.....	120	T. H. Briffitt, b Howell	0
Thompson, b Hobson	20	H. Thompson, b Howell	23
Cox, b Howell	15	Howell, b Leach	1
East, b Darling, b Howell	120	Smith, b Howell	12
A. Thompson, b Howell	20	Extras	5
Hawthorn, b Howell	1	Total (for 6 wkt.)	193

AUSTRALIANS.

S. E. Gregory, c Smith, b Thompson	95	W. P. Howell, b Thompson	17
b Simpson, c Smith, b Cook	96	W. P. Howell, b Thompson	19
E. M. Driffield, b Cook	154	W. P. Howell, b Thompson	15
A. J. Hopkins, c Smith, b Cook	154	V. T. Trumper, not out	59
F. Laver, c sub. b	3	Extras	5
H. H. Wilson, c Cook, b Thompson	3	Total (for 6 wkt.)	533

AUSTRALIANS' HUGEST SCORE.

E. M. Cross, b Arundell, b Hobson	124	T. H. Briffitt, b Howell	0
Humphreys, b Hobson	20	H. Thompson, b Howell	23
Seymour, b Hobson	15	Howell, b Leach	1
Smith, b Hobson	1	Smith, b Howell	0
Quinton, b Hobson	151	Martin, b Howell	1
East, b Darling, b Howell	15	Fairfax, b Howell	10
J. H. Mason, b Howell	15	Hayward, b Howell	1
Charlesworth, b Howell	10	Hayward, b Howell	0
Dalmont, b Hobbs	91	Extras	21

KENT.

E. N. R. Baker, b Howell	124	B. G. Bamford, b Howell	40
B. G. Bamford, b Howell	20	Martin, b Howell	37
Seymour, b Howell	15	Hayward, b Howell	1
Smith, b Howell	1	Charlesworth, b Howell	0
East, b Darling, b Howell	15	Hayward, b Howell	0
J. H. Mason, b Howell	15	Charlesworth, b Howell	0
Charlesworth, b Howell	1	Extras	3

KENT.

E. N. R. Baker, b Howell	124	J. H. Mason, b Howell	1
B. G. Bamford, b Howell	20	Martin, b Howell	37
Seymour, b Howell	15	Hayward, b Howell	1
Smith, b Howell	1	Charlesworth, b Howell	0
East, b Darling, b Howell	15	Hayward, b Howell	0
J. H. Mason, b Howell	15	Charlesworth, b Howell	0
Charlesworth, b Howell	1	Extras	3

KENT.

E. N. R. Baker, b Howell	124	J. H. Mason, b Howell	1
B. G. Bamford, b Howell	20	Martin, b Howell	37
Seymour, b Howell	15	Hayward, b Howell	1
Smith, b Howell	1	Charlesworth, b Howell	0
East, b Darling, b Howell	15	Hayward, b Howell	0
J. H. Mason, b Howell	15	Charlesworth, b Howell	0
Charlesworth, b Howell	1	Extras	3

KENT.

E. N. R. Baker, b Howell	124	J. H. Mason, b Howell	1
B. G. Bamford, b Howell	20	Martin, b Howell	37
Seymour, b Howell	15	Hayward, b Howell	1
Smith, b Howell	1	Charlesworth, b Howell	0
East, b Darling, b Howell	15	Hayward, b Howell	0
J. H. Mason, b Howell	15	Charlesworth, b Howell	0
Charlesworth, b Howell	1	Extras	3

KENT.

E. N. R. Baker, b Howell</

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TO-DAY'S RACING PROGRAMMES.

WINDSOR.

TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE of 105 sovs. Five furlongs.

FLYING HINDCUP of 150 sovs. Five furlongs.

	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	
Wild Night Again	6 9 0	King Duncan	5 7 8
Grandchild	5 8 10	Lady Diakins	5 7 8
Mahala	4 8 10	Hon. Jummy	6 7 1
Sunshot	4 8 10	Agriculturalist	5 7 12
Twelvebore	3 8 4	Judge	5 6 10
Fingal	5 8 10	Lady Dandy	3 6 10
Frances Isabel	4 8 0	Pompeianus	3 6 10
Scribo	5 7 12	Raven's Pride	5 6 10
Chase	6 7 9	Gay Star	3 6 10

MEADOW WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 150 sovs. One mile.

	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	
Bellivore Tor	5 9 5	Queen's Own	3 7 8
Long Glass	4 8 11	Ishabeta	4 7 8
Henley	4 8 11	Acro	4 7 8
St. Kilda	4 8 9	Zelis	3 7 6
Marozzo	4 8 7	Lord of the Level	5 7 4
Symphonies	4 8 7	Ilia	5 7 4
Flower Girl	4 8 6	Smara	4 7 8
Tyntesfield	3 8 0	Reprise III	3 7 1
Rod Angel	3 8 0	Ilia	5 7 12
Quite Ready	3 7 12	Crypha	4 7 8
Captain Pott	3 7 10	Amabit	3 7 0
Felo de' Souza	4 7 9	Burnwood	3 7 0

SLOUGH HEAVY-WEIGHTS SELLING HANDICAP of 150 sovs. Six furlongs.

	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	
Struttington	5 9 6	Lady Rayleigh	3 7 13
Perpetual	4 8 9	Princess	5 7 12
Trot	4 8 9	Rock Thrush	3 7 11
Sweet Moirne	4 8 9	Daylesford	5 7 12
The Swami	6 8 11	Exhalerate	3 7 6
Destry	5 8 11	Dumps	5 7 6
Slumberer	5 8 8	Jack Sheppard	3 7 6
Dead Man	5 8 8	Neil Gwynne	3 7 6
Nunstable	3 7 13		

AUGUST HANDICAP of 300 sovs; second 30 sovs. One mile and a quarter.

	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	
Vril	5 8 10	Prince Royal	5 7 13
Longford Lad	4 8 8	The Page	5 7 10
Harmony Hall	5 8 6	Landine	4 7 9
Phryne	6 8 8	John	4 7 9
Wet Blanket	5 8 8	Edward's Walk	3 7 10
Swopper	4 8 2	Hilary	3 7 12
Manaton	4 7 12	Vincent	3 6 10

ROTHSCHILD PLATE of 103 sovs. One mile and three furlongs.

	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	
Kilklass	5 9 5	Guy Middleton	3 8 5
Caprice	5 9 4	Frazines	3 8 5
Lord Victor	5 8 8	Neptune	3 8 5
Cherry Ripe	3 8 0	Splash	3 7 3
Macaroni	4 8 9	Romulus	3 7 3
Mr. Fortune	5 8 6	Belinda	3 8 2
Tynemouth	3 8 6	Locat	3 7 12
Captain Pott	3 8 5	Liangarra Lass	3 7 12

REDCAR.

SAND HILLS SELLING HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. Five furlongs, straight.

BEAUMONT SELLING PLATE of 100 sovs, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.

REDCAR HANDICAP PLATE of 250 sovs. One mile and three furlongs.

	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	
Beany Bosila	6 8 7	Kingsway	3 7 10
Arctic	5 8 9	Princess's Pride	4 7 10
Nightgown	5 8 9	Bistonian	3 7 7
The Hipshe	7 13	Mark Wood	3 7 3
Red Warrior	4 7 13	Red W.	4 6 8
Atamasha	4 7 13	Causey Park	4 6 8
aCharis	3 7 10	Romanio	5 6 7
Sorcery	5 7 9	Mehazy	5 6 7
Dahlischow	5 7 9		
aKeishi	3 7 8		

ZETLAND WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. One mile, straight.

	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	
Ethana	3 8 11	Ethana	3 7 10
Peter's Pride	4 8 11	Reprise III	3 7 8
Va Ve	4 8 6	Rapid Stream	3 7 8
Pustuley	3 8 0	Pettition	3 7 8
Moss	4 8 0		

WILTON PLATE of 250 sovs, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.

	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	
Parasi	9 1	Muscar	8 9
aOrpheus	8 12	Queen's Son	8 9
St. Florian	9 12	Orthes	8 6
Outpostion	10 12	Orthes	8 6
aHellen	8 8 9	Carbul	8 6
aGarcia	8 8 9	Yellow Peril	8 6
Sight	8 8 9	Belle of the Bush	8 6
Dington	8 8 9	Orthes	8 6
Throns	8 8 9	Tweed Warca	8 6
Compassion c	8 8 9	Louise	8 6
Gallerath	8 8 9	Impetuous	8 6
Mistletoe	8 8 9	Brock Mint	8 6
Peter Pan	8 8 9		

GREAT NATIONAL BREEDERS' FOAL STAKES, a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, with 500 sovs added. One mile and a half.

	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	
aGrand Medal	9 12	Centrale	8 10
aSt. Florentin	9 12	Rushpool	8 10
aOutpostion	10 12	Bungle	8 10
aHellen	8 8 9	Bon Mint	8 10
aGarcia	8 8 9	White Star Line	7 13
Sight	8 8 9	Bock Tarish	7 13
Tremezzo	8 8 9	Master Joe	7 13
Old Master	8 8 9	Pretty Peggy	7 13
Rambler	8 8 9	Impetuous	7 10
Grave Images	8 8 9	Sigh I	7 10
Eurotas	8 8 9	Ispigenia	7 10
Savoyarde	8 8 9	Bloquanto	7 10
Banana	8 8 9		

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DAILY BARGAINS.

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A.A.A.A.A.—25s. Boots for 6s. 4d.—For crossed postal order, value 1s. 4d., we forward carriage paid one pair Ladies' Patent Denim Boots, size 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912,

DO YOU WANT TO BUY

Anything? A Small Advertisement in the "Daily Mirror" will bring you offers from all parts of the country. Try one. . .

BIRTHS.

FRANCIS.—On August 16, at Axholme, 43, Park Hill, Clapham, the wife of John Edward Francis, a daughter, Valerie, Hastings, the wife of William Henry Hillier, of a daughter.

LEWIS.—On August 15, at 86, Woodstock-road, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W., to Mr. and Mrs. Battram, J. Lewis (née Bryn), a daughter.

MORRISON.—On August 16, at 66, Carlton-mansions, Portman-road, W., the wife of Louis B. Moss, of a daughter.

PEPPER.—On August 15, at Minford Hill, Salsbury, Mrs. George Pepper, of 50, son.

RISING.—On August 15, at Holford Barracks, Bristol, the wife of Captain E. E. Rising, Gloucestereshire Regiment.

SARGAN.—On August 17, at Bryanston, The Bank, Highgate, the wife of Norman T. C. Sargent, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

ADAMS—RACKHAM.—On August 16, at the Unitarian Church, Wandsworth, by the Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B.A., Herbert Edward Adams, B.A., late of Sandhurst, and Frances Mary, daughter of Alfred Thomas Rackham, of 43, Earlsfield-road, Park Hill, Clapham Park, to Winifred, younger daughter of Alfred Thomas Rackham, of 43, Earlsfield-road, Wandsworth.

DANSIE—WINSOR.—On August 17, at St. John's Church, East Dulwich, by the Rev. Percy Gossard, Hon. Canon, Park Hill, Clapham-common, S.W., to Mabel (May), youngest daughter of Philip Winsor, Esq., Ravenwood, The Ro.

HOGG—MAJOR-BANKS.—On the 14th inst., at St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, Douglas McGreggor Hogg, son of Major-General Sir Archibald Major-Banks, K.C.B., widow of the Hon. Archibald Major-Banks, and only daughter of the late Judge Trimble Brown of Tennessee, U.S.A.

DEATHS.

BOOME.—On the 17th inst., at Palmerston, Fairlop-road, Leytonstone, John Coles Moore, formerly of Summers Wood, Ruge, and Essington, Herts, in the 86th year of his age.

BRIGHTON.—On the 15th inst., at Haywards Heath, Sarah Anna, devoted and dearly-loved wife of George Brighton, Chief Surveyor, Admiralty, aged 51.

DODD.—On the 17th inst., at her residence, Park House, Hatcham, Mary Daniel, widow of the late Rev. Henry Towsey-Daniel, formerly rector of Treswell, Notts.

GALBRAITH.—On August 16, at 23, Waterloo-road, Dublin, Rose, second daughter of the late Rev. John Galbraith, one time rector of Tuam, aged 74 years. Funeral.

LATCHFORD.—On August 16, at 4, Pembroke-gardens, Kensington, W., William John Latchford, aged 50, em.

MICHEL.—On the 16th inst., at Ditchling House, Dorchester, Louis Ann, widow of Field-Marshal Sir John Michel, aged 80.

NUTTALL.—On August 15, at Clarence-place, Newport, Barnstaple, Frederick George Nuttall, Major-General.

SAVAGE.—On August 15, at 17, Craven Hill-gardens, London, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Henry Patrick Savage, late Royal Australian Artillery aged 54.

PERSONAL.

H.—Please call City Monday usual time.—JIM.
T. Y.—Wired you, but conclude you are away.—F. M.

DUKE OF YORK.—impossible; forewarned was always safe.

HAPPY.—Wanting you, my darling. Deepest love.—JACK.

EARRINGS.—Will any interested in subject, use of

earrings, please apply to Mr. F. W. Weller, S.E. 1.

HIS-NO.—Should think the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies or in the United States, fit him adver-

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